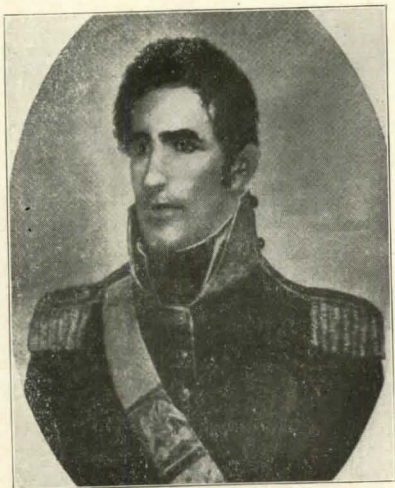


ILLY STEVENS

CRAWFORD





GEN. WM. H. HARRISON

BILLY STEVENS

or

LIFE ON THE MOHICANS IN 1812

WRITTEN BY

JOSHUA CRAWFORD



COLUMBUS, OHIO:
THE F. J. HEER PRINTING CO.
1918

TO THE MEMORY OF
MY DEAR WIFE
CATHERINE

WHO WAS THE DAUGHTER
AND GRANDDAUGHTER OF
OHIO PIONEERS, DO I DEDICATE
THIS BOOK, THE WORK
OF A SON AND GRANDSON
OF OHIO PIONEERS

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FOREWORD.

THE writer does not claim high literary merit for this tale, but does claim that the characters and deeds of the book are not fictitious. It did not originate with the author but grew in the pioneer soil of his memory and developed under the genial light of the good old-fashioned fire-place just where America's best stories have been told. The writer may have blundered in his effort to make a poem of it but the block house life with its atmosphere of fear and hope, surrounded as it was by a great waving sighing forest, is of itself a natural poem and as it recedes from our memories into the dim past, becomes more and more sublimely imposing. The tale in the main is true, the actors are long since dead, but the civilization they conceived and built still lives and grows higher and grander as the years go by showing that the foundation was wisely laid. I have obtained many of the facts from their children and grand children. The characters are all real persons, but we added a few characteristics to Billy Stevens that did not belong to the original. Our readers will doubtless notice that he is a combination of Lewis Wetzell, Simon Kenton and Capt. Wm. Wells, nevertheless he actually lived and scouted on the frontier, and died somewhere near Spring Mountain, Ohio, and his body moulders in an unmarked and unknown grave as do nearly all the bodies of the great spies who

actually did more to drive out the slothful Indians than did the army commanders. Neither Wayne nor Harrison could have won had it not been for these almost nameless heroes.

I am sure my construction of the Greentown deceitfulness is much nearer correct than that of many of the pioneers or their children, who seem to think these Indians were very much imposed upon. The Indian chief Armstrong was indeed a German and taught them these deceits so they might hold possession until the close of the war. He had inherited the faculty of deceit from his ancestors. Like hundreds of Germans who come to America he would do any thing for a bit of publicity or a petty office. The writer speaks from observation when he says, they are the most eager race for office we have in America. The ignorant Indians imitated their chief, and old Tom Lyon and others became very expert at it. The war of "12" is a thing of the past and its causes are nearly forgotten; but events have proven that England wanted back the Northwest Territory and had expected to make war for that purpose. If she had won that is the price we would have had to pay. Her western agents promised the state of Ohio to the Indians if they would help win the war. It was wisdom on the part of our government to declare war at the time they did. England was engaged in a life or death struggle with France and had to give most of her attention to that colossal conflict; but we were ill-prepared for war. The war closed in a little less than three years and the treaty of Ghent was signed nearly six months before the decisive battle of Waterloo was fought. The treaty of Ghent was an absurd

affair for nothing was said about the impressment troubles on the sea, the professed cause of war, and we simply held possession of the great Northwest under the former treaty of Paris. England was glad to get rid of it without having her ambition for territory exposed and America glad to resume her schemes of settling the country.

No war in the history of the world done so much to quicken the life and enlarge the population of a country as the war of "12" did for ours. Through it the world learned that the American republic was able to care for itself in manful fight with civilized nations and amply able to take care of the savage tribes within her own borders. It showed that the true spirit of national cohesiveness was here. It resulted in bringing to our shores a fine class of intelligent immigrants from all parts of the civilized world; which poured into the Atlantic states as a flood, rose like a mighty tide rolling over the Alleghencies, swept across the Mississippi valley through the lofty mountain ranges of the west until it broke on the Pacific shore. Since then England has treated us like a sister; if we except the conduct of a few aristocrats during our civil war. But we have nobly laid aside all prejudices and today join hands with her and dear old France, in the world's greatest conflict against a proud overbearing autocracy.

Our tale is an imperfect picture of Ohio's share in this war against England and the Indians. The aim of the western campaign was first to clear the great lakes so we could use them as a public highway for our commerce, and second, to settle the disturbing Indians so that settlers could peaceably occupy

the lands we had bought of them. The Indian was never ready to do as he had agreed. He did not seem to know what a contract meant. He lived on game, fish, maize and a few vegetables raised by the squaws. Such a way of living required vast tracts of country. He gave no attention to breeding but simply allowed the beasts to run wild and perpetuate themselves as best they could. A few of the Indians were beginning to comprehend their situation and realize they were wrong, and, that there was room in this great country for both the White man and the Red man, provided they would do what God taught, namely: "eat his bread in the sweat of his face." Hence we put in the lips of Jonacake the speech delivered at the supposed council of Greentown. Slowly the true methods of civilization are dawning upon them. Many of them are establishing splendid homes. But there are still a few that believe they can drive back the White race and will not be content to live any other way than in idleness and sloth.

JOSHUA CRAWFORD.

Killbuck, Ohio, June, 1918.

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CANTO I.

BILLY STEVENS,

or

LIFE ON THE OHIO MOHICANS, 1812.

(11)

THE MOHICANS IN EIGHTEEN TWELVE.

INTRODUCTION.

FIVE streams in one with Indian name,*
Clearfork, Blackfork, Rockyfork, and;
Muddyfork and Lakefork from north came,
Each a Mohican, and form one, grand;
Gushing from fountains great and small,
Rushing through forests dense and tall.

On their rich banks in pioneer days,
Stood the oak, the elm, the birch, the ash;
The kindly maple, which, when taxed pays,
The owner sweetness, better than cash;
And caused the settler to bless the woods,
That gave him such delightful goods.

Lovely streams! best of Ohio's wealth,
Your rich soil gathered from ages past,
Attracted men, who first came by stealth, †
To see the mould nature had amassed;

* These five streams are each called Mohican, for example: Blackfork of the Mohican, Clearfork of the Mohican, etc., when united they form the Mohican river, which after being united with Owl Creek is called Walhonding, and after joining with the Killbuck is named White Woman and unites with the Tuscarawas at Coshocton to form the Muskingum which empties into the Ohio.

† John Glover and Jonathan Zane had each visited this country before they acted as guides to Crawford's army in

And estimate what thy fertile soil,
In returns would yield to honest toil.

Banks of Mohicans! say, how long,
Have ye in idle silence lain;
Waiting the hand of industry, strong,
To ope' your generous bosoms vein;
To fill the end for which thou wast made,
The sixty fold to plow or spade.

Surely the Mound Builder passed o'er,
These streams when building mound and grave,
Did he give thought to thy hidden store
Of foods for man, such as we crave?
He left the marks where he worshipped the sun, †
Little else is known of the deeds he done.

What a weakling he was to meekly yield,
To the redman, with only hunters bow,
He feebly left the savage the field,
No written line his deeds to show;
The mounds say that he lived and died,
His grave does all his story hide.

1782 and gave glowing accounts of the richness of the soil along the upper branches of the Mohican.

† The writer conjectures that the Mound Builders in their prime had a better civilization than the Indian, but owing to long continued dissipation and lawless debauchery he became a degenerate and hence too contemptibly weak to defend himself and was literally swept away by the stronger and less licentious savage tribes. On a hill south of Perrysville are still to be seen traces of an inclosure at the upper end of which were at one time within the recollection of white men marks of a shrine, where doubtless the sun was worshipped.

Poor Lo! knew nothing but woods to roam,
Seeking wild game on land or water,
Of frailest bark he built his home,
Poor heritage for son or daughter;
Left them like beasts to live and mate,
And practice the attribute of hate.

He too moved away, he had no pen,
With which to write the story of when
He came, nor why he went away,
Others tell his tale; naught marks the day
Of his triumph, no monument, no tome,
Is left by him in earth, clay or stone.*

* No nation, or race since the Christian Era has left behind them fewer marks that they once lived than the North American Indians. All that we know or can know of them must be learned from their conquerors. They had no system of records of any kind whatever. Their buildings were of perishable bark or poles; they done nothing in stone. Today we only know they lived here because the white man found them here and has written what little we know of him; we know not from whence he came nor how he conquered the land. Unlike the Mound Builder he neither erected a heap of clay or so much as dug a ditch. He was totally devoid of enterprise. He was so lazy that he required his wife to do the drudgery. When he moved his home from one place to another she carried on her back all the stuff, while he walked by her side bearing only his gun. He done nothing but hunt, fish and fight. Yet to this good-for-nothing race England once promised to give the rich lands of Ohio, now the greatest state in the union. No wonder a wise God removed them and gave the lands to a people who are willing to earn their bread by the sweat of their face.

To the noble white man our God gave,
The will to labor, blessing of love,
And thus our many millions save;
To live where once a few wild men rove;
He leaves his children, labors sweet fruit,
Of joy the infallible root.

In eighteen twelve could we have stood,
Where former Freeport then did stand,
We could have seen the bottoms strewed,
With timber passing from the land;
The irrepressible conflict on,
Which drove out squalor, let in sun.

We're proud of the valiant pioneers,
Who came here bravely one by one;
No marching cohort his heart cheers,
Nothing gave courage but hope of home.
Of pioneers shall be our song,
To these Mohicans our scenes belong.

THE FIRST WHITE FUNERAL.

A morn in June the sunbeams fell,
O'er wooded hill and shady dell,
Where Blackfork winds her quiet way,
South and east, where old Richland lay; †
Bending to accommodate the hills,
Receiving help from sparkling rills,
Throbbing with life of finny tribe,
That fearless in her pools abide.

† This part of Ohio was then Richland County.

Here played without much thought of fright,
The grey squirrel, whose chief delight,
To chase his mates from morn till night,
Or watch the eagle in his flight.
Here on these banks in sweet repose
And beauty bloomed the fresh wild rose;
Here too the doe in morning dawn,
Came to feed, with her timid fawn.

Of late the white man's axe had rung,
'Twas music new that weirdly flung,
A tremor of fear o'er beast and bird,
The dreamy silence now was stirred.
The restless deer looked round with fright,
The bear's old den had too much light,
The sleepy owl had waked to say,
"I hear strange noises night and day."

The toiling white was here indeed,
To clear the land and sow the seed,
Hoped to create a lovely home,
For wife and children, years to come.
In eighteen ten came the first stroke,
To rid the brush and fell the oak;
In eighteen twelve still others came,
To take part in the clearing game.

Settlers were taking up the land,
Slashing timber on every hand,
Early they seemed the most inclined,
On shores of Blackfork farms to find.
On the Clearfork were quite a few,
Above the Indian Village too;

Still their cabins were far apart,
Without a school, or church or mart.

This June day brought a sad new scene,
Of what here ne'er before had been,
Neighbor Solomon Hill had died,
Tidings were carried far and wide.
Now they were gath'ring this bright day,
To lay his sacred form away,
And show that tho the country's new,
They've not forgot a custom true.

The cabin stood on western bank,
The hill was cleared of timber rank,
On these acres so neatly shorn,
Was a nice crop of growing corn.
Front of cabin in silence stood,
Settlers from each new neighborhood,
Zimmers, Baughman, Crawford, Lambright,
Coulters, Tanehills, more to write.

The coffin crude in which he laid,
From a wagon bed had been made,*
Timber plenty any direction,
But no saw mill in the section;
Not a loose nail could then be found,
Even in twenty miles around,
They drew them from the wagon's frame,
They filled the purpose just the same;

* The writer obtained the information of this funeral from Mrs. Angelina Phillips, a grand-daughter of Solomon Hill. The same description may be found in both Hill's and Knapp's histories of Ashland County.

Neither was there an undertaker,
His son Harvey was the maker.

No church for worship, no bell to toll,
No organ to help the music roll,
No hearse to bear the corpse attends,
No carriages to draw the friends;
All walk to the grave, side by side,
Were equals here, no cause for pride;
But hearts were kind with will to share,
In all their grief and every care.

No bridge was then across the stream,
"Twixt house and grave that ran between;
John Coulter and other young men,
Were there with boats the moment when
Procession reached the river tide
To row the friends to other side.
Older men bore the coffin along,
On bier of poles heavy and strong.

Beneath tall oaks the grave was made,
It was a spot of charming shade,
Located twenty rods or more,
From the Mohican's eastern shore;
James Copus read from God's good word
How Jesus wept; their hearts were stirred;
He said to children and the wife,
"Through death we pass to larger life."

But hush! a whispered word is passed,
What is it? Indians coming? Yes,
A look of dread on each face 'pears,
Which for a moment dries their tears.

But Copus quiets their alarm,
Stating the Indians meant no harm,
Chief Armstrong said, he and others,
Wished to come to show we're brothers.

'Tis sweet to know that grief will bring,
To bleeding hearts a wish to sing,
And from our lips, doors of the soul,
Sorrow causes sweet songs to roll;
When from sore grief we long to rest,
Music quiets the heaving breast;
So now a hymn floats high in air,
Lifting their souls above despair.

It may have been first song here sung,
Since that morn when the heavens rung,
And angels joined with stars above,
And all God's sons sang songs of love.
"I would not live always" sweet strain,
Soothing indeed the pure refrain,
Changing deep grief to hope of joy,
Brought to sorrow a blest alloy.

Coffin lowered into the grave,
No device was used, nothing save,
A pair of line they could procure,
With strength to all the weight endure.
Then came the Indians, single file,
Around the grave they march, the while,
With solemn sympathy they threw,
A sprig of spruce in grave so new;
Over settlers cheeks there flowed,
Many a tear for friendship showed.

The grave was filled then another song,
Sounds and echoes the hills along.
Whose voice is that? clear floats aloft,
Charming distinct, yet clear and soft;
All eyes are turned toward girl's face,
With other singers stands apace,
And from her lips there ripples sweet,
The thrilling words for time so meet;
She whose good voice their ears entice,
Is Betsey, daughter of Captain Rice.
Who had lately came from the east,
And entered land the valley's best.

Her beauty too young hearts entranced,
Toward her admiringly they glanced;
Her face was fair, her eyes were blue,
Her hair of the ripe chestnut hue,
Her brow serene with holy thought,
A countenance with reason fraught;
What matters if the gown were coarse,
'Twas in keeping with style, perforce.

They closed with prayer devoutly breathed,
For blessings on the sore bereaved.
But still the folks seemed loth to leave,
Lingering, greetings to receive;
'Twas first public meeting there held,
For acquaintance each bosom swelled.
A great mixture they presented,
East, south and north were represented.

The friendly Indians had come down,
From their village of old Greentown,

Which stood on Blackfork two miles north,
From whence the natives sallied forth,
To visit settlers, call them brother,
Sometimes their errand was another,
At begging things they were experts,
So every pioneer asserts.

They a kind invitation gave,
To all the whites about the grave,
To meet with them on sixth of June,
To feast; about the hour of noon.
With smiles they shook hands all around,
Seeming with friendship to abound;
Together then they filed away,
To canoes which in river lay.

Each settler ere he left the place,
Turned to the grave with sorrowing face,
'Twas sad to leave him thus to lie,
In the cold grave where forests sigh.
They heard the widow's lamenting cries
And thought that only bending skies,
And moaning oaks would drop their tears,
O'er his lone grave for years and years.

With Betsey, Abbie Coulter stood,
To get acquainted was their mood;
A friendship was that day begun,
Which like the rays of morning sun,
Grew warmer as high noon came on,
And lingered till life's sun was done.
Loves gladness o'er their faces play,
As arm in arm they walk away.

John Coulter staid the grave to fence,
Cast down the path admiring glance,
Somehow he felt a new heart beat,
To him a thrilling very sweet;
But then alas! how would he dare,
To speak of love to one so fair.
'Tis strange the boys oft' fear to say,
The words, for which girls almost pray.

Among the settlers much was said,
Of coming feast, to some a dread,
These reds were acting like good friends,
None can tell how their friendship ends.
For months past rumors filled the air,
That England soon would war declare,
She never had been much inclined,
Paris treaty to keep in mind.*

And it was said this Indian band,
With England's side in war would stand;
While friendship they professed this day,
Omens pointed another way.
Despite these floating rumors, still
The whites would show their peaceful will,
And with them would in friendship mix.
Till hostile act would status fix.

* England held Detroit and Ft. Sandusky from the close of the Revolutionary war until 1796 upon various pretexts and contrary to the Treaty of Paris. She also furnished the Indians with guns and war munitions during the Indian wars with Harmer and St. Clair. And many of them whether by authority of the mother country or not fought with the Indians in these battles.

THE INDIAN BANQUET.

When day for Indian feast had come,
Nearly every settler left his home;
The ladies went with a wish to look,
Upon how the Indian women cook,
Indian visitors were on the ground,
From villages forty miles around;
With cunning design they wished to show
The white should not count them a foe.

The settlers from north and south were there,
Strong men of brawn and bright women fair;
They were gathered in the council house,
A large structure quite commodious.
But there were neither chairs nor table,
Must sit on ground or stand if able.
It was indeed quite a striking scene,
Skins all colors if we except green.

In center of hall, earth mound was raised,
On which this day the cooking fires blazed;
Here hung ample pots well filled with meat,
And other viands they loved to eat.
To the white folks there was a strange smell,
Which seemed their good appetites to quell,
The dinner which they so much wanted,
Their clever nostrils slightly daunted.

Before the feasting could be commenced,
Redmen held a rite of much pretense,
They grasped each other with hand in hand,
And marched round and round the cooking stand,

And to the beating of a kettle drum,
Sang, tinny, tin, tin, ho, ho, hey hum,
Sort of dancing as around they go,
And swinging their bodies to and fro.

Distorted features, face grim the while,
Perhaps joyous scene without a smile.
Casting a sprig into pot or fire,
As if to appease God's wrathful ire.
It may have been with this untamed race,
A special way of saying grace.
Of settlers watching this proceeding,
None ever tried to tell its meaning.

After three hours says our recorder,
Refreshments would seem next in order;
Three ranks deep assembled round the wall,
Men and women opposite sides of hall;
To each was given knife and platter,
Pots were passed with much click and clatter,
Each one dipped in and took for himself,
Like playing grab bag for grub, not pelf.

After long fasting you'd expect to see,
Stronger appetites than appeared to be,
The reds ate hearty and urged the whites,
To dig out plenty for their appetites,
Of cracked corn and nuts was succotash;
With meats enough, we'd call it hash,
To their special friends some Indians came
To bring them choice pieces of wild game.

Now these good whites did not want to cheat,
But it did seem queer how slow they eat;

'Twas long past the fasting days of Lent,
Yet with little meat they seemed content.
They must treat with courtesy polite
Their hosts; though they don't crave a bite.
O, politeness! you make such a mock,
When stomach rebels and nostrils shock.

We may not admire pioneer costume,
The warmus with pockets was boss one,
Joy of old times, women unoppressed,
Thought pockets that day best of their dress.
Ah! honest people should not play tricks,
But what could they do in such a fix;
They pretended to eat what they could not,
Filled their pockets with that they should not.

The feast was over, stomachs were stored,
I am sure the white people thanked the Lord,
At four o'clock settlers took home trail
For it grew dark early in wooded vale.
The parting was with much hand shaking,
They seemed sincere at the leave taking;
The Indian visitors staid all night,
Longer visit was their racial right.

THE SECRET INDIAN COUNCIL.

When whites were gone it soon was plain,
Something else was in weather vane,
Strange Indians came in numbers large,
Other business must be in charge.
Two white men came from Montour's hut,
One was red headed face all smut,

With starey eyes, hands were dirty,
Disgrace to race 'twas Simon Girty.

First he said: "I could scarce keep hid,
I ought peace of your feast undid,
Old Tom Coulter's life have taken,
Torn out his heart, boiled his bacon;
Once on a time with me he met,
That meeting I shall not forget,
For when he caught me off control,
He took me pris'ner curse his soul!"

"Forced me to march before his gun,
From morning hour till set of sun,
Then gave me o'er to those I hate,
Hoping that death would be my fate.
But just before the fatal hour,
Helped, perhaps, by satan's power,
I made a mighty good escape,
So still I live to vengeance take."

"If war should come, I hope it will,
He's the first man I want to kill,
I'll shoot him as I would a bear,
His cursed old scalp with joy I'll wear."
With oath on oath this speech was mixed,
His grim face showed a purpose fixed.
This was Girty to race ingrate,
Shows the height of venomous hate;

* Judge Thomas Coulter had known Girty years before.
See Hill's History of Ashland County, page 146.

Sometimes his leopard heart would open,
To old time friend in tender token.*
With Girty came a man well dressed,
Outwardly with good looks blessed;
His heart was like a sepulcher,
Where slimy filthy creatures stir.

He was Henry, good enough name,
A British messenger he came;
Fitting, Girty should be his guide,
For vile souls place them side by side.

The council house has now been cleared,
Of all things that had lately cheered;
The Indian men were seated round,
In rows, they squatted on the ground.
In long silence each smoked a pipe,
Of stolid sphinx they were the type;
Indians believe in night or morn,
In having calm before the storm;
It might be wise for our white lords,
To meditate ere using words.

Then Chief Armstrong rose with greeting,
To state purpose of the meeting;
He said: "Our Father of the north,
Had ordered these two agents forth,
To speak to us on the great theme,
Of our own freedom, as we deem.

* He once saved the life of Simon Kenton, his boyhood friend; but laughed at the sufferings of Col. Crawford, whose daughter Sarah he once wanted to marry.

To tell us of the situation,
Of things that concern our nation.
Girty could speak the Indian tongue,
For years he'd lived the tribes among,
Steeped in murder for years and years;
He'd now explain to his red peers
How the Father across the sea,
Would set his Indian children free."

He first told them war was brewing,
English Father was renewing,
American war to seize the land,
Where your Indian towns now stand.
He wants the Northwest region back,
Embassadors had been too slack,
At Paris treaty; had allowed,
The lands of which he once was proud,
To go to the United States,
He'd get them back in spite of fates.
He'd force by war their quick return,
The noxious treaty he would burn.
With Indian help before too late,
He'd wrench them from the rising state.

"You know in Indian wars just passed,
You've whipped them bad except the last.
Remember Ant'ney Wayne is dead,
No more you'll feel his mighty tread.
If with England you'll join your hand,
We'll drive the settlers from your land;
We'll furnish blankets from our store,
And all the implements of war;

Yea, if you with our Father join,
We'll pay for scalps in golden coin.

"It does not matter you understand,
Large or small the good cash command;
Better still, England will agree,
If you'll be true in war's decree,
The Ohio state within all bounds,
For aye, *shall be your hunting grounds.*
No white will dare your rights invade,
With noisy axe or plow or spade.
Englands strength will your rights preserve,
Against others while time shall serve;
Henry here has power to treat
Pledge England's faith this league to keep.*
We want each warrior to join our ranks,
In addition to England's thanks,
We'll pay him a soldier's wages,
For every day the conflict rages."

Girty sat down Henry beckoned,
A strange young chief, who was reckoned
The great Tecumseh's Shawnee friend,
Had come to speak, so all attend.
A splendid young warrior now rose,
Of manly mien from crown to toes;
He calmly gazed on the array,
With kindling eye like flash of day.

"Warriors, brothers of my own race,
I'm glad to speak you face to face;

* This promise was actually given the Indians as an inducement to join with England in the war of 1812.

We once ruled from gulf to lake,
Went where we wished our game to take,
Lords of the land from zone to zone,
Kings of a continent, our own;
Yet now you know we're trodden down,
And must endure the haughty frown,
Drove like cattle from post to post,
Toward the west from eastern coast.
The lands are ours yet dare we say,
Just what we want on treaty day? †
Our fathers were too good and kind,
Heard friendly voice which was a blind,
They never meant that we should stay,
Where our papooses loved to play;
They meant to drive us from the lea,
Until we drop in western sea.
Once we joined the genial French,
But still were driven from the trench;
The mighty England cleared them out,
And we were worsted by their rout.

Warriors, brothers what shall we do,
This English promise carried through,
Betters our case, and, we will rate,
As masters of Ohio state.
These Americans will give us naught,
The land we're on will soon be bought,

† The Indians complained when they made peace with the whites it was in a fort where the great guns frowned upon them and intimidated them so they could not ask for what they wanted.

See Heckwelder, page 185.

With your own hands today you've fed,
Men who upon your necks will tread.
In wars of bygone years we've lacked,
A leader with far sighted tact,
With knowledge how the foe to meet,
And skill the enemy to beat.
But now our great Tecumseh stands,
As one successful with our bands.
English pledge themselves to furnish,
Sinews of war, thus to burnish
Our valiant arms, and, give us strength,
To stamp the foes the country's length.
Brothers, here is our last great chance,
To stop the settler's dread advance;
With England by our side we'll meet,
Scatter these settlers by defeat.
Tribes already are in the field,
To make the saucy yankee yield,
Great Britain's troops are on the way,
I pray you brothers do not stay.
Join with us now fill up our ranks,
From hated white men clear your banks."

When this young warrior sat him down,
On every face there gleamed a frown,
As if to each man's memory came,
Sad pictures of departed fame.

Chief Armstrong rose to do his part,
But who is he; where did he start?
'Tis said he came from German stock,
And lived his noble race to mock;

When our war for freedom was fought,
He ran away from home and sought,
High place among the Redmen wild,
And to their life was reconciled.
Even helped to butcher his friends,*
In bloodstained valley of the Penns,
Joined himself to an Indian Squaw,
Was made a chief but not by law.
What can we say of whiteman strong
To whom no pride of race belong,
He leaves his clan with passion raves
To fraternize with savage knaves.

How can men dare to be so vile,
As stoop so low their blood to spoil,
Cohabit with another race,
The purity of their own displace;
Bring offspring who wherever strewed,
Are but a vicious mongrel brood;
Years, centuries cannot efface,
Signs of mixed blood will show their trace;
How base his hopes of life must be,
Who leaves his kindred such a tree.
He said: "In days now out of sight,
He'd fought for England's honor bright,
Altho he now was on in years,
Still all his wish and all his tears,
Were for that nation; yet he felt,
The tribe ought not assume war's belt;

* Armstrong actually left his white friends and went to the Indians, and was engaged in the bloody work of murder in the Wyoming valley.

But stay as now and neutral stand,
Make peace with him who rules the land."

Quickly Montour sprang to his feet,
His soul on fire this speech to meet;
"I say nay, nay, let us be men,
And drive the settlers from this glen,
True, they've been here with staff and chains,
Measured this spot; what now remains,
But to give up or else to fight,
To free us from disgraceful plight.
I am for fight and if we lose,
'Twill be when I am killed by foes;
Aloud I cry strike, strike brave men,
We'll ne'er have such a chance again."

Tom Lyon rose, homeliest creature,
That ever wore the human feature:
"I'm old, may soon hear death's rattle,
Glad to march once more to battle.
Whatever the outcome I will stand,
With those who proffer back our land;
An Indian can't be satisfied,
To be hemmed in on every side."

Jelloway was next to have his say:
"Brothers, I want these whites away,
For years I've trapped south of the line,*
Where game was good and fur was fine,
But Knox County is organized,
Settlers are coming thick as flies.

* He referred to the Greenville treaty line which was run in 1796.

They're changing forests into farms,
Taking away the redmen's charms;
Scores of white lads are seeking game,
On stream to which they gave my name,*

They rudely tell me to ask consent,
To on *their* land place my bark tent;
Thus brothers, I'm compelled to mate,
With those who in my heart I hate;
It's hard to play the hypocrite,
Pretend to gracefully submit.
I'd rather help these whites to kill,
Than to be ruled against my will;
Too quick I'll sharp my tomahawk,
To sweep the settlers from the walk.
If England will give back my creek,
For her I'll fight as well as speak.
I want the woods to stand that we,
May roam where we wish, wild and free."

One by one these red warriors spake,
Each the British offer to take;
Who can blame, Henry's promise given,
Looked to them like lure of heaven;
To join with English nation strong,
Seemed best way to right their wrong.

At last rose Solomon Jonacake,
Who felt he had a speech to make.

* Jelloway lived during the hunting season on a stream named after him, in Brown Township, Knox County. This county was organized in 1808.

"Brothers, you know that now in me,
Runs pure blood of the Lenape;
My lineage traces back to kings,
And mighty warriors, yea it brings
To every mind a surge of thought,
Of wars 'gainst ancient nations fought.
We were nation renown before,
We came to live on Blackfork's shore;
We've fought with red, we've fought with white,
Till lo! our ranks are thin tonight.
Three hundred warriors perhaps less,
Are all the braves we now possess."†

"There are some things I wish to say,
Why have we lost, just tell me pray?
Why are we scattered far and near,
And left our lands to whites to clear?
You've boasted of our vic'tries grand,
Did we get back one foot of land?
With all our fighting have we drove,
The settler from our much loved grove,
Compelled him to own by retreat,
That they had suffered sore defeat?
We won two battles, who can see,
Any real fruit of victory?
Must we admit we do not know,
What to do when we've whipped our foe?
Yea still we're driven on the run,
Toward the setting of the sun."

† All the Delaware Indians in Ohio, Indiana and Canada could not muster over three hundred braves.

"The white man labors night and day,
As fruit of toil he finds away
By which thousands enjoy the place,
Where were a hundred of our race.
Even then so ill disposed were we,
Could not in peace endure to see,
Our brothers ranging hunting ground,
Near where our wasted game was found."

"I am a Christian and if we,
Would peace enjoy and happy be,
We must lay by our indolent life,
Our quarrels and our bitter strife,
And like the white man, learn a way
Of living, so we all may stay.
Cease feasting on wild game and fish,
Rear kine and swine and fill our dish,
With plenty of the best that's going,
Change our shrinking into growing.
What good has England done for us,
She's only taught to be unjust.
Americans once sent her bouncing,
Now she'll get another trouncing;
Let us not like foolish cattle,
Be coaxed of England into battle."

It now seems strange that speech so bold,
Was then permitted in that fold,
They kept the rule that speech was free,
In councils like this, tho it be
On contrary side, and for a foe,
So in silence they let it go.
Well they knew that Jonacake was good,
The rights of chief were in his blood.

Montour strove hard to overcome,
The effect of this Christian tongue.
But we will not extend our song,
To give all speech, short and long;
The young warriors with hearty glee,
Joined with England to be made free.
Poor Indian never knew the right,
Yet was a hunter brave in fight,
But raised resentment blow for blow,
By cruel treatment of his foe.

The agents were well satisfied,
Glad that their success had supplied,
Many warriors to England's cause,
Which from their king would gain applause.
'Twas a deed of smoothest cunning
So near the line of settlers running.
The agents left in midst of night,
For if revealed to settlers' sight,
They might not live the tale to tell
That for their cause they'd done so well.

For many days from old Greentown,
These warriors stole out one by one,
Hoping the whites would never know,
How many went to English foe.
The settlers as yet had no news,
Of nearness of war; or the views
Of deceitful Indian neighbors,
Wishing to destroy their labors.

To this day whites can scarce believe,
Indian kindness was to deceive,

Seems they never could determine,
The old chieftain was a German,
Who of people the old world o'er,
Deceive the most to gain their score.
Old Armstrong loved the redman's life,
Because he wished more than one wife.
Like Mormons of these latter days,
Who yearn for patriarchal ways,
To have a hope of heaven must
Make religion to suit their lust.

BILLY STEVENS.

The Indians thought their Council sly,
Was witnessed by no other eye,
They had refrained from whoop and yell,
And wild war dance; yet rare to tell,
All was heard by pale face strange,
Whose business was the woods to range,
Gather items for Uncle Sam,
That he might know their cunning plan.

He even heard what Girty said,
When a warrior aside he led,
And into his ear this plan did pour;
"As soon as congress declares war,
If you will shoot Tom Coulter down,
And bring his scalp to Malden town,
I'll give you there four pounds in gold,
And praise you for a deed so bold."

This ranger was well skilled in war,
Had seen these parts long years before,

For when opportunity offered,
He'd marched through with Colonel Crawford.
Then but sixteen a thoughtless boy,
Who gave time to hunter's employ.
In vengeance of his uncle's death,
He had killed the Indians by stealth,
Who had applied the fire brands;
When peace was held throughout the lands.
For this he'd been by law condemned,
He'd changed his name left home and friends,
But always maintained with his might,
That killing bad Indians was right.
So now from place to place he roamed,
Unknown, dissatisfied, unhomed.

A fine physique and splendid mind,
Possessing powers we seldom find,
For when he wished his voice he'd throw,
And where it came from none could know.
As scout no man could take his place,
He changed his features and his face
By use of bit of Indian stain,
His face was scarred or it was plain.
His comrades oft' by deceits bold,
Said he was young or he was old.

He was Billy Stevens, 'tis true,
His name was known to very few.
He had known Coulter years ago,
In eastern part of Ohio.
He'd find some way soon as he could,
To guard his friend gainst Girty mood.
Through all this night he'd been quite near,
Girty's side to correctly hear.

Out of the village he slyly crept,
Walked two miles south and there he slept,
Sheltered by the protecting sky,
Alone, except one always nigh.
When morning came he early waked,
From small brook his thirst he slaked,
Here too he washed, removed the trace
Of Indian color from his face.
When this was done behold him true,
His hair was black, his eyes were too,
Complexion fair except dark brawn
That from exposure had been drawn;
Smooth shaven face like that of boy,
The pride of home and mother's joy.

Another thing quite strange to say,
He'd mixed with throng that fun'ral day,
He too had heard that lovely voice,
Of Betsey Rice; his heart rejoiced;
He thought how sweet his life would be,
If spent in cabin with one like she;
He wondered what would be his fate,
If he should ask to be her mate.
O, when within love's passion rages,
Forgot is differences of ages;
At second thought he shook his head,
Alas for him such joys were dead.

The sun was rising earth to cheer,
When lo, who should in path appear,
But Betsey Rice whose steps were bent,
To neighbor's house on errand sent.

She did not show a great surprise,
When first she met the stranger's eyes ;
'Twas not to her such sudden burst,
The fact is she had seen him first.
O, do not boast, ye cunning spies,
Some others too have shrewd, sharp eyes.
Stevens was confused, greatly stirred,
That footsteps he'd not sooner heard ;
But greeted her in kindly tone,
Said : "I've an errand to be done,
Please see Tom Coulter yet today.
Caution him not to go away,
From home alone and not to work,
Only in light, the darkness shirk ;
For Simon Girty has conspired
With an Indian, who he has hired,
To kill Coulter and take his scalp,
For which he'll pay in English pelf.
I trust you with message because
I'm hurried much, no time to pause.
And maiden do not venture far,
From your home ; there will soon be war,
The Greentown Indians will take part,
With England ; soon their young men start.
I'm fearful that ere long you'll hear,
Of bloody deeds committed near."

Betsey replied : "please tell I pray,
What friend of Coulter's comes this way,
Sends by me such direful warning,
Cautions against things alarming?"
"Maiden, I must unknown man be,
My name would spoil my plans, you see

I'm a soldier under orders,
To carry news to headquarters;
Tell Coulter I was with him when,
He rafted, perhaps he'll know me then.
Tell no one that me you have known,
My life 'twould cost if I were shown.
Now I must haste this stream to wade.
For journey long must soon be made."
"Wait sir, for brief time it will cost,
I'll take you the river across;
My father's boat close by is lying,"
Which even then she was untying.
"Thanks," he uttered, "of you 'tis clever,
Thus to row me o'er the river,
I have not known of women other,
Than thoughtful care of my mother;
But young lady you shall see,
With kindness I'll remember thee."
So saying he sprang upon the shore,
Disappeared in a moment more.

Betsey had two lovers, unknown,
For neither had his true love shown.
She turned and soon her errand did,
And hastened home as she was bid.
But forgot not before night fell,
To see Coulter and him to tell
Of great danger and all about,
The tale she'd gotten from the scout.
Billy westward, fast was his pace
Came to an orchard near the place,
Where Rocky and Blackfork join;
Here ate his breakfast from dried loin,

Of deer ; and added some parched corn,
Left byowner* not there this morn.
His precious rifle here resumed
A deadly weapon none presumed
To doubt his skill or challenge his claim
To steady nerve and fatal aim.

Headquarters eighty-four miles away,
He made the trip by night next day.
He gave his news to army chief,
Which confirmed former belief,
That Greentown tribe designed to go
With their warriors to English foe.*

Four brief days he allowed for rest,
Then muscles must have other test,
Make trip to Pittsburgh, wait and learn
Congress tidings of great concern ;
The country waits in fevered state,
The South and West with rankling hate,
For congress to give the word to rush,
To smoky fields of crimson blush.
On June thirteenth he left the camp,
From Urbana 'cross the state to tramp.
An easy trip of just five days,
'Twas a pleasure like his boyhood plays.

*The head of the army was much better informed of the designs of the Greentown Indians than were the settlers. Chief Armstrong evidently purposed to stay in Greentown by deceiving the settlers to think their young men were away hunting. But the government had them removed because they would have been a menace to both army and settlers and their forcible removal was a very wise act.



THE ATTACK ON THE
COPUS CABIN BY
INDIANS - MORNING OF
SEPT. 15, 1812.

CANTO II.

BILLY STEVENS,

or

LIFE ON THE OHIO MOHICANS, 1812.

(45)

JONACAKE.

JONACAKE tho both young and strong,
Would not consent to march along,
To join the British force;
He thought that side was not the way,
To bring the peace for which we pray,
Or stop oppression's course.
They called him squaw and baby boy,
They talked of getting him a toy
With which to spend his hours;
They bragged of glory they would win,
Of deeds they'd do in battle's din,
And their great savage powers.

When war was over they'd come back,
Crowned with glory; he'd have to pack,
Their loads and hoe their corn;
Yea, they would hunt just where they pleased,
No troub'lous white man them could tease,
With axe from morn to morn.
Pale faces would all be driven out,
Their hateful presence sure they'd rout,
Their clearings left forlorn;
Whites would never enter Ohio's borders,
England would give stringent orders,
Not here to raise their corn.

Jonacake bore with joke and frown,
Watched them sneak away from town,
To seek their rendezvous;

Eighty young warriors must have left,
Of youth the village was bereft,
Strong looking young men too.
Age and childhood only remain,
Squaw mothers must have felt the pain,
Of sad separation;
Many would ne'er come back again,
But would on battlefields be slain,
In defense of nation.

In Jonacake's heart was lately born,
A new light sweet as lustrous morn.
Fadeless as the skies.
It thrilled his soul and swelled his breast,
And caused him to lift high his crest
It never, never dies;
He was in love with a half breed squaw,
Sally Williams his heart did draw,
And held his soul in bond;
He loved Sally so "velly" much
Thought he'd die away from touch,
Of her he was so fond.

But Sally very distinctly said,
That she would ne'er with redman wed,
Unless he would comply,
With white folk ways and better law,
Call her his wife instead of squaw,
Nor marry on the sly;
She wished a husband true and brave,
Who would not make of her a slave,
But help with all their care.

She must be married by a squire,
Bound by a bond that would require,
Pledge unto death to share.

Sally was only half way wild,
Her mother was a captive child,
Who one doleful day;
Was with her father in sugar camp,
Skulking Indians sneaked through the damp,
And carried them away.
Her parents were murdered in cold blood,
And she was forced thro woods and flood,
To the Sandusky's shore.
Mated perforce to Indian vile,
Who made her slave in savage style,
His cruelty she bore.

Tho she was used as Indian tool,
She taught her child the better rule,
Against the custom wrong.
Poor Sally could not wed a white,
Who had a touch of honor bright,
Her red blood showed too strong.
But Jonacake of her was fond,
He felt that marriage was a bond
To sacred to be broken.
He said if she would wait awhile,
That he would marry in white style,
Have the bond white spoken.*

* Jonacake, was a full blooded Delaware Indian and had been taught Christianity by the Moravian Brethren of Bethlehem, Pa. Sally was more than half white as her

Greentown became a lonely place,
No young men now their councils grace.

Even Jonacake was missing;
Where he had gone no one could tell,
Sally seemed not to know full well,

'Twas secret at last kissing;
They thought he'd gone to hunt or fish,
Make a journey to fill a wish,

He often had expressed.
In after years the fact was known,
That he had bravely left his own,
To fight for freedom blest.

father, Abram Williams, was said to be a half breed and had married Mary Castleman, a white captive taken when she was about thirteen years of age. Abram was ill-natured and ever jealous of his wife and treated her so badly that she finally ran away from him and returned to her former home in Beaver County, Pa. Sally was a bright and very intelligent Indian woman with all the passions characteristic of mixed blood. I append an extract from Hill's history of Ashland County:

"A short time before the removal of the Greentown Indians a good natured, fine looking warrior, by the name of Solomon Jonacake, came among the tribe, and soon became fascinated with the charming Sally Williams. He proffered her his hand in marriage, saying: 'Me want squaw velly bad. Me like squaw. Me want Sally for squaw.' The proffer was accepted on the conditions that the marriage ceremony should be after the manner of the whites and by a white man. Sally exacted these conditions on the ground that she had been twice married to recreant young warriors and the Indian ceremony had failed to stick. * * * Sally was said to be a remarkable woman considering the fact that she had never had any advantages of civilized life."

He felt sure that Sally would wait,
Until decided was the fate,
Of wars altercation;
He had determined by instinct true
And signs which were correct, he knew;
There'd be no alteration.
That the Americans good and strong,
Tho often cruel and sometimes wrong,
Could not be overcome;
They'd rule the land from sea to sea,
Because they fought for liberty,
And for sweet love of home.

SOME CAUSES OF WAR.

Our country bore England's insults,
On land and sea; because we dread results,
Of wars bloody decree.
She stopped our vessels on the main,
When we were neutrals bearing grain,
And forced our seamen 'gainst all rules,
To become her la'bring tools,
And our country's enemy.

Their Prince Regent in Message untrue,
Blamed us with joining France, to undo,
Their British Aggregation.
He claimed according to his laws,
All our sailors were his because,
Once an Englishman, always so,
No matter where they wished to go
They had no choice of nation.

He denied our right to naturalize,
Or rights of man to choose his ties,
 If he were Briton born.
If after years a man should act,
Claim citizenship with us, in fact,
They claimed full right our ships to stop
And force that man to readopt,
 The flag he wished to scorn.

He denied, that they had agents sent,
To our Indians, to cause discontent,
 Filling them with turmoil.
That, they had given redmen arms
Fought with him in former wars,
And promised him our settlers land,
If side by side with her he'd stand,
 And drive us from the soil.

Full well we knew this Regent lied,
When he their great offense denied,
 And charged a French alliance.
We know on good authority
His agents claimed this land to be,
Theirs by conquest, and that they
Wished it attached to Canada;
 For years they'd showed defiance.

What nation strong with noble blood
Would such high heaped insults have stood,
 And not have war decreed.
These things demanded expiation,
From the great offending nation;

He who bears them would not be,
Worthy to live in land so free,
And let wounded honor bleed.

War was declared eighteenth of June,
We'd suffered long; still, 'twas too soon,
We were a nation young.
Our people had very busy been,
Opening new lands, of wildest scene,
Drafting ord'nance and making laws,
Building highways, and other cause,
That from our newness sprung.

With haste there'd been some preparation,
Urbana was recruiting station,
A western rendezvous.
Hull was collecting arms and stores,
Men were gathering here by scores,
Getting ready to sally forth,
With an army to the north,
To give protection to.

* * * *

HULL'S INFIDELITY.

Stevens midnight the twenty-third,
Received from east the thrilling word,
Of war's declaration.
He left Pittsburg at rise of sun,
Two hundred and thirty miles to run,
O'er forest roads the path did lead,
No horse could then have kept his speed,
O'er roads of wild creation.

On he flew with patriot's will,
Crossed the Ohio at Steubenville,
The ferry a canoe.
At Coshocton was Muskingum's flow,
Crossed by ready ferry's row,
Then on through Newark he hurried,
Giving news as swift he scurried,
Quickly the passage through.

At Scioto he heard a mother's cry
Wailed for a babe whose birth was nigh,
Helpless and naked 'twas born,
Men were making a mighty fuss,
Shouting, "his name is Columbus!
His Mammy is Ohio state
His Daddy is our nation great,
He'll grow like stalk of corn."*

Billy paused not to shout or rejoice
O'er baby capital; good choice,
To be a great state's boast.
He gave his news and on he flew,
Resolved the best he can, to do
In three good days this tireless scout,
On foot had ran the entire route,
To report at his colonel's post.

* On St. Valentine's day, 1812, the legislature of Ohio then in session at Zanesville passed a law establishing the capital of the state at Columbus. The site was then an unbroken forest. On the 18th of June, the day congress declared war with England they commenced to lay out the lands for the city. Billy Stevens, the scout, passed through this region just when Columbus was "bornin" and the real estate was being boomed by the syndicate.

Hull had left there three days before,
For rapids on Miami's † shore,
 With two thousand good men.
Billy did not to him belong
Promptly the message was sent on
By Indian runner good and true,
Who that same night carried it through,
 Hull surely got it then. ‡

Hull kept this message from his troop,
Sent it to Detroit by sloop,
 It fell in British hands.
Thus all our swiftness and our care,
Was turned by traitor, most unfair,
To enemy's profit; the speed,
Of Billy served not our army's need
 But helped our foes command.

Traitor Hull cost our country dear
Because through him it does appear,
 The British had first news.
What mischief a bad man can do
When to his country he's untrue;
When you are thinking all is right,
This hidden serpent gives his bite,
 And meanly works a ruse.

† Now called Maumee Rapids.

‡ There can be no doubt but Gen. Hull received this message of war promptly and it was thought by many that he, with treacherous purpose sent it with other papers to Detroit by sloop and thus gave the British their first news of the act of congress.

Hull's army marched and reached Detroit
Keen were the men for great exploit,

And willing to obey.

He crossed the river with much parade,

A raid in Canada he made,

The true army with splendid nerve

Were anxious to their country serve,

And drive the foe away.

Victorious in all their fights;

In less than thirty days and nights,

They were marching back.

When to Detroit they had returned,

The heart of every soldier burned,

To meet and fight the allied foe,

Who did not bravest mettle show,

Just followed in their tracks.

Next night the English General Brock,

Asked a surrender; O, the shock,

To our valiant nation,

'Twas accepted almost right away;

And all who were in battle array,

The entire state of Michigan

Were included in his traitor plan,

Even Dearborn station.*

'Twas a disgrace of deepest hue,

That one bad man could so undo,

The loyal plans of many.

The loyal west felt the deep gall

Of a brilliant army thus to fall

* Chicago.

Without a stroke or one brave blow,
All their march was parade and show
Of glory there was not any.

Then followed savage deeds of woe,
By the cruel inhuman foe,
Thro our Ohio land.
To carry out revenge with flame,
To strip our homes and bring to shame,
Our brave settlers, wives and daughters,
All, who live between the waters,
With tomahawk and brand.

ON THE MOHICANS.

On Blackfork above the Indian town,
Where rocks and oaks a large hill crown,
At foot of which a cabin stood,
Where Copus lived, with heart so good;
Loved by redmen and all others,
Preaching, good men all are brothers,
A man whose daily life well proved,
That he was worthy to be loved.

Oft' had he gone by invitation,
To preach in friendly salutation
To Greentown redmen, who seemed glad,
That they such pious neighbor had.
Often at his welcome table
They'd ate the best that he was able
To procure; and they seemed proud,
To sound his praises long and loud.

'Tis grievous truth that war unbinds,
The friendly ties of happy minds,
And they who once in friendship stood,
Will seek to spill each others blood.
How dark the state of human hearts,
When depravity so easy starts;
One moment men on roses feast,
The next they show the ire of beasts.

Late in August one sultry day,
A band of soldiers came that way,
They camped nearby the Copus spring,
The news of Hull's surrender bring.
Captain Douglas on Copus called
Who seemed at first somewhat appalled,
That troop so large should here be brought,
As if a battle might be fought.

Douglas stated he had orders,
To move Indians to other quarters,
That they in safety might be kept
Should our troops be backward swept.
"They are safe here," Copus said,
"Take away their arms instead,
The settlers seem to have no dread,
They seem so quiet now," he plead.

"That, will not do," Captain replied,
"Their strong men are on British side,
They're fighters to, well known and tried,
They strike us blow on blow.
To leave their helpless ones all here

At our expense to feast and cheer
Perhaps they'll strike us in the rear
Thus they'd aid our foe.
"If our army is driven back,
'Tis likely here will be their track
Our Soldiers, angry, will cut and hack
With awful vengeance too.
We've had one Gnadenhutten brother,
To leave them here might bring another,
Such outrage we must surely smother,
Which would never, never do.

We'll try to take them without bloodshed,
You can persuade them to go," he said.
Copus thought with loving care,
This purpose seemed no less than fair.
Since Hull's surrender there'd been slaughter,
Blood of ours had run like water,
Of course 'twas better that they go,
Than re-enact that scene of woe.

So, he with Captain Douglas went,
It was the redman's good, he meant;
Copus's son to the village hied,
To summon leaders of the tribe.
Chief Armstrong came, great was his grief,
His members shook like aspen leaf;
Douglas his business did present,
Armstrong refused to give consent.

Copus told him, old men and squaws,
Would be protected by our laws;

Douglas, promised there should be,
No destruction of property.
He explained that their safety lay
From this place to get away.
Armstrong reluctantly consented,
But seemed with fear almost demented.

Their old men grumbled but obeyed,
And gathered all to be conveyed,
Papposes, children, squaws and men
Left, hoping to return again.
Sad the thought, from old home to part,
Joys of the past did press each heart,
Ghosts of sweet pleasures seemed to stare,
Out of bygones, bright and fair.

Will walk on heaven's gold streets be,
Sweeter than dreams of childhood's glee?
Poor people! tho their skins are red,
In these dear hills they had been bred;
They loved wild life from care so free,
Its unrestricted liberty,
But from all they must now be torn,
And strangers trust with hope forlorn.

Of our white race, too bad to tell,
Some hearts there are as black as hell.
No sooner had they left their town,
Than heartless wretches burned it down.
To take last leave the redmen turned,
Only to see the village burned. *

* The Indians had reached Mohawk hill, only a mile west, when they looked back and saw their town on fire.

They cried to Douglas, "did you not say,
Town would be spared if we went away."

What could Douglas do when disobeyed?
A squad went back and search was made
For guilty, who the town had fired,
But they had hastily retired.
Not under officers' command,
For wild revenge they'd set the brand,
Naught could be done, but forward go,
To save the reds from further woe.

The angry Indians would have fought,
Revenged the mischief wrath had wrought,
They had no arms, and they were old,
Not one young man was in the fold.
Some white folks still express great grief,
'Cause Greentown met with vengeance brief,
And seem to think 'twas cruel deed,
To carry off this Indian breed.

Remember, friend, this town had been,
Center of many a savage scene;
Many a white man here had run,
The cruel gauntlet, just for fun;
Many a soldier of Harmer's band,
Here suffered death from torturing hand,
Many a white heart torn out in glee
Of savage sport or drunken spree.

Nothing can be said in defense of the burning of Greentown at this time. It was contrary to Douglas' orders, and should have been spared, at least, until the Indians were out of sight. To burn it at this particular time was a piece of wanton cruelty.

Now say, Was it really wrong that they,
Should peacefully be led away,
From lands which they had surely sold,
Yet stayed, till settlements enfold?
Their worthless village built of bark,
Was not worth saving from the spark;
If justice strict, had taken place,
Did they deserve an act of grace?

Could we leave them, a moral curse,
Where bad men would go, and worse
Be attraction to worthless boys,
To practice vice that pep destroys?
Could we afford to have our sons,
Mingle freely with wanton scums,
Who knew nothing of life chaste,
And thus their mental wealth to waste?

Douglas went on full well he knew,
That scattered soldiers might come thro
And shoot the Indians as if game;
Had they not treated ours the same?
Sally marched with the Indian squaws,
Watched the soldiers at every pause,
At last her glances fell on one,
When a flirtation soon begun.

Rank winked at her, she, winked at Rank,
She cast a grin, his face was blank,
But when his features showed a smile,
She giggled out; and, all the while
She guarded not her footsteps well
Stepped in a rut and down she fell;

Her bundle struck young squaw in front,
Both went down with double grunt.

Grundy was mad and loudly bawled,
The name of God, profanely squalled,
Swore she would knock her "stuffin'" out,
And break her bones; a boastful flout.
Douglas thinking a fight was on,
Hastened forward to stop it soon,
Sally explained: "me trip and fall
'Gainst Grundy, who makes this bawl."

Douglas gave Rank another place,
With orders to keep straighter face.
The spot where Indian girls fell down,
Is now the site of Lucas town.
That night near Mansfield spring they camp,
Early next day they'd have to tramp;
In the night Rank did Sally find,
To make proposal of vilest kind.

Untutored Sally would marry white,
But such proposal gave her fright;
"I've not a soul to sell for hire,
I must be married by a squire:
Go to Grundy with your vile game,
Her redskin heart is dead to shame."
Rank bit his lips and rudely swore,
He'd ne'er known half-breeds chaste before."

When ready to march, next morning bright,
Grundy was gone, called in the night,

By white man; they must have fought,
Her hidden body was left to rot.*

Beyond Urbana reds were left,
Until war clouds with peace were cleft.
Our country gave them food and clothes,
And good protection from their foes.

* * * *

The Greentown fire brought sad result,
Redmen took it as great insult.
In the early September days
When haze was dimming autumn rays,
Five Indians in revengeful mood,
Quietly through the forest strode,
Fiercely vowing that Blackfork's flood,
Soon should blush with white man's blood.

Martin Ruffner, watched the course they take,
And slyly follows in their wake;
Determined with a courage brave,
That some neighbor he might save.
Into Frederick Zimmer's house they went,
Who suspecting their dire intent,
Sent Phillip to gather neighbors quick,
While Ruffner guarded 'gainst Indian trick.

Brave Ruffner entered, chose a place,
Where he could see each Indian face.
They said: "We're hungry" and daughter Kate,
Supper prepared in trepid state.

* See Howe's history of Richland county.

Ruffner knew not what they intended,
But felt sure that death impended.
Pity the victim could not know,
The cruel plans of designing foe.

They'd planned to wait the supper call,
Then rise, begin the bloody brawl;
Two would take Ruffner, another two,
The lives of old folks would undo;
One would watch Kate and her life spare
To get them money, their first care.

The Indians sat, guns on their knees,
Prepared to fight when they should please.
If Ruffner had known their well laid plan,
He might have shot at least one man,
And with his gun beat down another,
But who can thoughts of men discover?

Kate said: "Supper is ready", and then
A scene of carnage was begun;
Quick to their feet they rose with yell,
Two guns were fired, awful to tell
Two balls had pierced body brave
Of him who came his friends to save;
Still he rose, with gun uplifted,
Struck fearful blow, but savage shifted,
Missing his mark he struck the wall
And bent his gun; the Indian tall
Was overturned by Ruffner's rush
From whose breast the blood did gush.
While the other with hatchet blow
Laid him senseless at feet of foe.

Yet they struck him again and again
Making sure he was doubly slain.

The helpless old folks soon were killed,
Quick blows on heads their life blood spilled.
Sweet Kate was spared and she was bid,
To show them where money was hid,

Then the most wicked deed of all,
A deed that should for vengeance call,
A hatchet blow sure aimed and straight,
Soon brought her to the others' fate.
From battered heads the scalps were raised
England paid cash, and even praised,
The bloody rascals for dastard deed
As if such crimes fulfilled her need.
O, mother England, for shame, for shame!
To thus besmire thy glorious name;
This comes from love of landed pageants,
And making men like Girty agents.
The murderers took no time to eat,*
With eager haste made swift retreat,

* All accounts of this dreadful murder say the table was set for a meal, but the same had not been touched, making it evident that the announcement of supper was the signal to begin the bloody fray and the Indians were in great haste to get away soon as possible after committing the crime. No one knows just how Ruffner was killed, but we do know that he was not sure the Indians had come for murder. His purpose was to watch them until Phillip returned. The Indians had their plans well laid and shot him first. The fight he made was only the effort made by a brave man after being shot through the body but not instantly killed.

Fearing that Phillip might return
With heart that would with vengeance burn,
Ruffner they drew outside the door,
The others lay upon the floor.
Southwestward course they now pursue,
To find on Blackfrok a hid canoe;
Soon were they rowing down the stream,
Of direful vengeance still they dream.
A Mingo village stood below,*
Where the Jerome fork joins in flow
Here lived a trader, son of France,
Whose fur dealing his wealth enhanced;

Indians claimed that he would cheat them
Now was the time for them to beat him.
They pretend to have some fur to sell,
A lie the rascals could easy tell;
At midnight they called him out of bed
And with a hatchet split his head.
Then up Lakefork they took their way,
Reaching Jerometown at break of day.

* We learned of the murder of the French trader of Mrs. W. J. Finney whose father-in-law, David T. Finney, lived on military land in Monroe Township, Holmes County. It is possible he may not have been murdered the same night of the Zimmer murders but the Mingo Indians said it was the Greentown Indians who did it. This Mingo village was friendly with the Americans and they were not removed until about the year 1817. Their chief would often borrow Mr. Finney's pony to go on hunting expeditions. He always returned the pony at the set time and never failed to give him a saddle of venison. Some of the Mingos left their tribe and fought with the Delawares and Shawnees. Hence Billy Stevens disguised himself as a Mingo while playing his part as an Indian spy.

Five grewsome scalps! one on each belt,
Ah! what a savage pride they felt;
Twenty-five dollars, English gold,
Was then the prize for deed so bold,
English agents would call them brave,
Officials would their friendship crave,
And say: "Brave warriors, that helps force,
Americans to accept our course."

Meantime Phillip Zimmer made haste,
Not one moment did he waste;
Neighbors were distant dark the track
'Twas eight o'clock when he came back,
With him were James Copus and son,
Lambright too, bravely come.
They did not dare a light to bear,
Lest wily foe would sight them fair,
Make each a target for deadly shot
Hence profound quiet was what they sought.

Copus crept near the silent house,
Noiseless as the most cunning mouse,
No whisper did the stillness mar,
He found the door slightly ajar;
He thrust in his hand, thrilled with shock,
He touched blood and a woman's frock;
From such a sign he knew full well,
The household had by murder fell.
Soon to comrades he told the tale,
Phillip was frantic; they prevail
Upon him not to now rush in.
The deed was done, 'twould not save kin,
The Indians might in ambush lay,

Others to kill, in their sly way;
They must scatter news of awful deed,
To save their friends was greater need.
Swiftly from house to house they run,
Arousing settlers ere rise of sun;
Who fled to blockhouses in haste,
Without a single moment's waste.

The tale of blood is not yet told,
Nor horrors wrought by British gold;
The settlers seemed not to believe
That Indian tongues would them deceive,

They said the Red men were only mad
At Zimmer; for treating ponies bad,
That had pastured on his corn crops,
Tied shingles to tail to rap their hocks,
Caused them to run at break neck speed,
For this vengeance had been decreed.
If they were angry at every white,
More murders they'd have done that night,
Many cabins they'd have fired,
Ere the murderers had retired.

Deluded settlers! not to know,
The falsehood of their Indian foe,
To lull the settlers into sleep,
While they their British compact keep.
They wanted to live in Greentown here,
And claim their lands when whites were clear.

To Beams Fort had James Copus moved,
But longed to return to farm he loved;

Stoutly argued that he had done
No harm to Indians; but was one
Who'd stood their friend, and so he thought
No harm to him would now be wrought.
How very little he understood,
The malice hid in redman's blood;
And 'gainst him now they held a spite,
For bringing on the Greentown plight.

Copus to Martin said: "I'll go,
Back to the farm where my crops grow,
Gather them in for winter use,
To reds I'll offer no abuse".
The captain did his best to prove,
That such would be foolhardy move;
Copus with family back would go
To gather crops, and risk the foe.
Little he knows as home he hies,
His steps are dogged by Indian spies.
The captain doubtful of this change,
Sent nine soldiers the woods to range.

They reached the cabin all was there,
No signs of robbers anywhere,
The afternoon passed so serene,
Of Indian foe they did not dream.
Soldiers engaged in games of sport,
Ranged not the woods; careless escort!*

* Perhaps we ought not to blame too harshly this escort. Captain Martin who was in command of Beam's blockhouse relates that these soldiers were not severely cashiered for failing to obey orders, from the fact that Mr. Copus told them it was useless to scout around; that there were no warriors,

That night soldiers slept in the barn,
Family in house, no alarm,
But Copus spent a restless night,
Sleepless, walking the floor, no fright
He heard the barking of the dog,
Who in the cornfield kept agog.

Ere daylight drove away the gloom,
He called the soldiers to the room,
And told them of his restless night,
They thought perhaps 'twas only fright,
The Zimmer scene haunted his mind,
Made him restless, no foe they'd find.

and if there were they loved him and would not do him any harm. Sarah Copus in after years said she saw an Indian in the woods back of the cornfield, but was afraid to tell her father lest he would not believe her and possibly punish her for trying to raise an unnecessary alarm. This makes it evident that Mr. Copus was over confident until night came on and his dogs were uneasy and rampaged the cornfield. I cannot attribute Mr. Copus' change of mind and the caution he exercised in the morning to anything else than a reversal of his opinion brought about by something he had heard, or seen, during the night.

We give a few extracts from Hill's history of Ashland County:

"Mr. Copus became weary of staying at the blockhouse, and believing the Indians entertained no ill-will toward him, he insisted on returning with his family to the Blackfork. Captain Martin protested that he was incurring much danger in doing so; but Mr. Copus insisting on doing so, nine soldiers were detailed to conduct him and his family home. They all arrived safely in the afternoon, and found the cabin and stock secure. In the evening Mr. Copus invited the soldiers to sleep in the cabin, but the weather being yet quite warm, they preferred to take quarters in the barn which stood four

Breakfast ready men would repair,
To spring to wash and comb their hair;
Copus cautioned keep hold of guns,
'Gainst house they leaned them, careless ones,
Why not the older man obey,
This reckless act will reap its pay.

At once from cornfield, hill and dell,
There rose a most heart-rending yell,
Red men sprang from every side,
In awful rush of battle tide.
Four men had reached the spring, two fell;
Third suf'ring more than pangs of hell,
Into the cornfield limping hied,
Where leaned against a tree he died.

or five rods north of the cabin on the trail, that they might have a better opportunity to indulge in frolic and fun, and be less crowded and under less restraint. During the afternoon Sarah, daughter of Mr. Copus, aged about twelve, went into the cornfield, a few rods south of the cabin, and while there saw an Indian in the edge of the forest, skulk behind a brush heap, but neglected to relate the circumstance to her father. That night the dogs kept up a constant barking and Mr. Copus had many unpleasant dreams. Before daylight he invited the soldiers into the cabin, telling them he feared some great disaster was about to overtake himself and family. * * * When daylight began to appear the soldiers insisted on going to the spring, about three rods away to wash. He again cautioned them of impending danger, telling them that Indians were certainly in the neighborhood, or his dogs would not have made so much noise; and said, 'if they went to the spring they should take their guns along,' which they promised to do, but on passing out leaned them against the cabin, and started for the spring. They had scarcely reached it, when the Indians rushed from their con-

Fourth sore wounded, yet keeping cool
Ran straight for house, from the pool.
Each Indian yelled with hideous might,
As if screaming would win the fight.

Copus heard the din, seized gun, then
Threw wide the door to help the men;
He saw an Indian whose gun was raised,
Quick raised his own, both rifles blazed,
Both men received a fatal wound,
Soon both would rest from battle sound.
Five soldiers in the cabin, flushed
With rage of war, to door they rushed,
Just as they were closing the door,
George Dye fell in upon the floor;
He was wounded in the right thigh,
But cool and ready defense to try.

cealment in the cornfield with a terrible yell, and cutting off all retreat began to shoot and tomahawk the soldiers. Mr. Copus upon hearing the uproar, sprang from his bed, seized his gun and rushed for the door. Just as he opened it he met a ferocious looking savage, and both fired at the same instant and both were mortally wounded. The ball passed through the leather strap that supported the powder horn of Mr. Copus and penetrating his breast, caused him to fall, when he was supported to his bed, where he expired in about an hour begging the soldiers to bravely defend and save his poor family from the cruel fate that seemed to await them."

* * *

The ground on the east side of the cabin was quite precipitous and rose about eighty feet high. It had a small growth of dwarfed timber and furnished the Indians a good lodgment. There were a few stunted oaks behind which they concealed themselves as they loaded their guns. Volley after volley was fired into the cabin until the logs were honey-

He was Sergeant and in command,
Called to the men to bravely stand;
The door was closed, made bullet proof
With puncheons from the floor, uncouth
Port holes were pricked the logs between.
So that they would from bullets screen.
Each man true blue ready to fight,
For country, home, and sacred right,
Stand, while he yet had life and breath,
Stand, till last man went down in death.
No one thought the house to yield,
Six times their number yelled in field.

combed with leaden balls. The door was soon riddled and the soldiers tore up the puncheons and placed them against it to prevent the balls from entering the room and killing the family. George Launtz, a soldier, had his arm broken as he was removing the clay and the chinking to get a "crack" at an Indian. Very soon he saw the head of the red fiend protruding from behind a small scrub oak, and "let drive at it," and the Indian bounded into the air and rolled down the hill into the trail. The battle continued about five hours when the savages despairing of success, carried off their wounded and buried their dead. * * *

These transactions were narrated by Mr. Wesley Copus and Mrs. Sarah (Copus) Vail, who were old enough at the time to observe and retain a most vivid recollection of them. It was found on examination that forty-five fires had been kindled in the edge of the forest just south of the cornfield from which Sarah had seen the Indians. These fires had each been kindled in a small hole scooped out of the ground, to prevent their being seen. She thinks the Indians had probably dined the evening before the murders on roasted corn. The number of fires would indicate that at least forty-five Indians were engaged in the assault. The tragedy is believed to have occurred on Tuesday morning, September 15th, 1812, five days after the Zimmer murder.

"O, save my family!" Copus cried:
"I'd hoped to rear them ere I died,
But alas! I feel I soon must go,
A victim of deceptive foe;
I see I placed far too much trust,
In treach'rous red blood, now I must,
Leave wife and children in care of those,
From whom I turned to trust my foes.
Good-bye dear wife, boys, girls good-bye,
Yes take my hand, please do not cry,
Live Christian lives of usefulness,
Fail not your country in distress.
When savages are driven away,
Come back and on this good land stay."
George Dye the family pledged to save,
Tho' bloody demons round them rave;
And while raged on the battle strife,
Copus the good gave up his life.
Each watchful soldier kept his post,
To hold the place at any cost.
George Lantz while digging in the wall
Into his hand received a ball.
But soon he spied the savage head,
Aimed true, the Indian tumbled dead.
Volley on volley the Indians poured,
Till door and logs were thickly gored.
Nancy Copus was shot in knee
Brave girl she made no moaning plea,
But said: "I'll load the guns for Lantz,
He and I will watch our chance,
To roll an Indian down the hill,
And punish them for deed so ill."
The men were cool and watched with skill,

And when they fired, 'twas to kill;
No red man dared to show his head,
But sure aimed ball toward him sped,
It was a time for deeds most brave,
True courage shown their lives to save.

For four long hours the air seemed hot,
With savage whoop and flying shot,
At last the Indians gather their dead,
Eastward with hasty step they sped
Firing volley at Copus' sheep,
Tumbling them down in woolly heap.
The Indians fought with heavy cost,
Eleven of their men were lost.
Their number had been forty-five,
Thirty-four marched away alive;
Had they been led by warrior wise,
Vict'ry surely had been their prize.

Of soldiers nine there were now six,
Two were wounded, but still could mix
Into the fight; Dye in command,
Lantz aimed true with single hand;
Copus, Tedrick, Shipley and Warnock,
Were stiff in death, war's awful havoc.

Captain Martin learned from a scout,
That signs were in the woods about,
Marched eve before with fifty men,
To safeguard those in Copus' glen.
Had camped that night three miles away,
And did not move till nine next day.

He reached the cabin only an hour,
After the battle had spent its power;
Astonished at the woeful sight,
Of carnage wrought by dreadful fight.
They buried the dead in Copus' lot,
Quickly retired from bloodstained spot.
Gathering settlers on way back,
Emptying houses along the track.

News of the battle traveled quick,
To every settler down the creek.
It silenced every cry of peace,
Excusing Indians, ought now to cease;
To reasoning minds 'twas surely plain,
For race vengeance all these were slain;
Desire to rob may share the guilt,
English gold too their life blood spilt.
There could not now exist a doubt,
The reds desired the whites to rout.

O, how fearful was that night,
Women, children, filled with fright,
Cowering with expectation dread,
Not dying, but yet almost dead.
'Tis no freak of exaggeration,
But a hundred deaths of imagination;
They shrink as when in threat'ning sky,
The zigzag lightning passes by.
'Tis a fearful thing for wife to stay,
With children frightened from their play,
While husband stands in woods to watch,
The paths that lead near by their hutch.

In such dread silence who can tell,
Fear she feels of blood curdling yell,
Or crack of gun or awful shock,
Of glittering knife or tomahawk,
Almost to feel the heartless jerk,
That from the head the scalplock jerk;
Such an hour will faith inspire,
The presence of God her one desire,
That fills her lonely soul just then,
Sighing for calm not given of men.



JOHNNY APPLESEED.

CANTO III.

BILLY STEVENS,

or

LIFE ON THE OHIO MOHICANS, 1812.

(79)

WHY have war; is it to right the people's wrongs?

Is it to polish a nation's songs?

Is it to teach a nation's growing sons,
To cherish our rights and revenge our wrongs?
Is it patriotism to train our race,
In arts of Bloodshed unknown to grace?

Is it because we need hearts hardened as steel,
To look on pain and no sorrow feel?
To drive pity away from the human soul
Rob the fallen of human toll?
To learn to boast over a brother's fall,
Trampling him to earth as a thrall?

Is there glory in war, does it lift men up
To die for others, the Christ given cup?
Ah! does it teach the twice blessed golden rule
So needful to learn in liberty's school?
Is it freedom to slay our own dear brother
Lay down the Christ love for another?

War brings great sorrow, with dreaded pain and death,
Makes men curse men with every breath;
And those who have seen its blood tide rise and swell,
Tell us that war is an awful hell.
Piling up human bodies in grewsome heaps,
With screams and groans; while holy love weeps.

Ah! war is a wicked oppressor's best chance,
The size of his kingdom to advance,
Who covetously desires to spread his power
That sons born kings may have increased dower.
That men tho unworthy may be called great lords,
Surprise the world with their empty words.

The savage loves war for he knows no better,
His wife's a drudge in hardship's fetter,
While her brutish master will bluster and boast,
Of his cruel crimes at savage toast;
Of immoral life he feels no shame,
Unlearned, he is not so much to blame.

But what of a nation that boasts with pride,
That for her sons the dear Savior died,
That in Christian grace she is above all others,
Yet hires Indians to kill her brothers?
Now O England, what are we to think of thee
Your war of twelve was to enslave the free.

You coveted the lands of our great northwest,
Your bloody agents refused to let us rest,
You furnished arms to vicious savage beasts
You paid for scalps their cruelty to increase;
You, on land and sea, did our honor insult,
You richly deserve the disgraceful result.

AT LAST FREEPORT BUILDS A BLOCKHOUSE.

Back to Freeport now turns our tale,
Betsey told them with small avail,
All that Billy the scout had said,
Of England forcing war most dread,
Upon our peaceful state,

That Greentown Indians except one,
Would go with Britain when it come,
And fight to turn to British hands,
All the soil Ohio commands,
And kill us in their hate.

She begged her father to promptly call,
A council of settlers one and all,
Have them make some preparation,
To save their homes from spoliation,
Which now would surely come.
Her father said: "Why you're a child
Please don't indulge in talk so wild,
'Twould only make our neighbors laugh,
And say our heads were filled with chaff,
Perhaps 'twould frighten some."

She went to Coulter with her plan,
For he was then a leading man;
He said: "Why girl we can't afford
'Gainst Indians of friendly accord,
To bring such bold indictment!
Beside with us it soon would raise,
Quite an unnecessary craze,
'Twould look like we suspicioned things,
Such conference great trouble brings,
And creates false excitement."

John Coulter, with Betsey did agree,
The reds were scheming plain to see,
The Indian friendship was pretence,
Their old men must not give offense
While young would join the fight.

Betsey said: "My scalp's worth more,
"To me than to an English boor,
"To wear't myself I much prefer,
"It's inconvenient to transfer,
 "It fits my head just right
"To save it now I'd much rather,
"And save their bloody hands the bother."
Tom Coulter laughed but firmly still,
Said, a council was 'gainst his will,
 'Twould only raise a fright.

Tannahills thought the danger nigh,
That settlers surely ought to try,
To build Blockhouse for their defense,
Before hostilities commence;

 Thus time by forelock take.
Charles,* in the army was enlisted,
In message home, urged, insisted,
That they would find red men their foe,
Which test of battle soon would show,
 Still none would movement make.

When settlers heard war's declaration,
They still believed this Indian nation,
Would stay with the United States,
And be with us most helpful mates,
 Against the foreign foe.

When pressed for reasons they replied
That Indians never, never lied,

* Charles Tannahill was first soldier enlisted in Rich-land County in war of 1812.

And now their word so nicely loyal,
Proved a friendship truly royal,
They'd not deceive, you know.

Blind were they to the hidden fact,
That eighty youth of Indian pack,
Were in the field with General Brock,
Ready to join in battle shock,
Against our own dear nation.
When old men were asked to tell,
What had become of the young and well,
Answered, looking sincere the while,
Blandest words and broadest smile,
They gather our winter ration.

Hull's surrender gave great surprise,
But still they opened not their eyes,
To a fact that 'twas now evident,
That savage youth their time now spent,
In ravaging the border,
When Captain Douglas came to take,
The Indians out for mercy's sake,
The pious settlers thought it wrong,
To carry off such peaceful throng,
And growled 'twas a cruel order.

Soon settlers taste the bitter cup,
The Zimmer murders woke them up,
Who were the reds that caused this grief?
They'd not escaped from Douglas, in brief,
They'd never marched as captive.
Yet, the murderers were well known,
As boys who had in Greentown grown

From British army they'd come back,
Fire and sword had marked their track,
They'd come to be active.

It was a part of Britain's scheme,
However cruel it may seem,
To let them annoy the border,
Regardless of all civil order,
To kill to scalp and fire.

'Twould keep the settler from the front,
Guarding their homes would be their stunt,
Of war 'twould make our country sick,
To ask for peace they'd be more quick,
Of fire and sword they'd tire.

The settlers knew not what to do,
They had no plans they could pursue,
The Rices went to Clinton fort,
Others found a nearer resort,

There was great consternation.

In spite of facts, some, the reds excused,
Because clapboards the Zimmers used,
Indian horses to drive away,
To save their crops for winter day;
Was that great aggravation?

In few days settlers all were back,
To save their crops and brave attack;
Betsey came too, but still to say,
They must prepare without delay,
'Gainst Indian visitation.
When lo! the Copus battle crash,
All hope of peace, from hearts did dash.

Who could deny this bloody scene
Meant hate of white to last extreme,
And redman's determination.

Ah now! was wild alarm and haste
All felt there was no time to waste,
They must prepare their lives to save,
From cruel brand of Indian brave,
None knew just what to do.
Some hurried to the fort at Beams,
Others to Lewis, but it seems,
Some house-holds gathered two and three,
Because they knew not where to flee,
They watched the whole night through.

JOHN COULTER AND BILLY.

John Coulter had joined the engineers *
Now felt within him growing fears
That things at home were going wrong,
Must go and help them get along,
Prepared to hurry home.
From Harrisville at three at morn,
Began his journey to return,
Regardless of stream or brook,
An almost pathless way he took,
East of Jeromeville hurried past,
Was overtaken by footman fast,
Who said his name was Jimmie Strange,
An army scout well trained to range,
And in wild wood to roam.

* John Coulter was helping to open a road to Cleveland and was at Harrisville near Chippewa Lake at the time of the Copus battle.

Was going now to give support,
To settlers living near Freeport.
"Anything wrong down there?" John said,
"They are in danger from the red
"Murder and destruction,"

He told of Hull's surrender, bad,
Then broke the other news so sad,
Of Zimmer murder and Copus fight
And of the settlers making flight,
Or hovering in cabins all the night,
But no blockhouse construction.

John noted this man had gray hair,
Wrinkled face and watchful air,
Quick restless eye showed that his life,
Had been spent in Indian strife,
And could 'gainst danger guard.

Swift was his step like that of youth
His haste attested that in truth,
There was a danger and 'twas need,
To reach the place with swiftest speed
Nothing could him retard.

He did not tell when he had crossed
Lake Erie in the darkness gross
Nor why he'd come to Chippewa shore,
In hurried trip the day before,
To watch for Indian bands.

He and a brave Indian scout,
Followed these Indians all the route
From Detroit to the settlement,
Knowing on mischief they were bent,
With blood would stain their hands.

How when near the Jeromeville track,
They'd run 'gainst the defeated pack,
And scout had gone the night before,
Into their camp on Mudfork's shore,
Got true information.

The scout he'd sent to General Beall
His information there to tell,
That troops he must at Wooster hold
To save the lives of settlers bold,
From dread assassination.

They left Jeromeville on their right,
Cautious to keep well out of sight,
For roving Indians might be out,
Searching for game, or on a scout,
For whites in isolation.

Lovely the forest they now pass through
Trees robed in late September hue,
Leaves glistening in the morning dew,
Wild songsters through their branches flew,
Scenes to engross a limner.

They pause a moment in the brakes,
To admire gleam of charming lakes ;
One on the right one on the left,
With sporting fish their waves were cleft,
Silvery sides there glimmer.

At Bonnetts still another one,
Gaily dances in morning sun,
They haste along a highway broad,
Which still is called the U. S. road,
The trees were cleared away.

Swifter and swifter on they walk,
Hast'ning too much to even talk,
Empty every cabin home,
Free the stock of settlers roam
 Much like a holiday.

Near Priest's blockhouse they hasten past,
But notice tho they're walking fast,
Settlers were building new stockade,
For safety of stock it was made.
 Ready for what might happen.

While upward glides the morning sun,
They tread where village lines were run
Great oaks with waving branches grace,
But not a house adorns the place, *
Only a few more miles they go,
Along the Blackfork when lo,
 They stand by Coulter's cabin.

Here a few settlers palsied stood,
Wonder if Indians were bad or good;
Over their faces came a glad change,
At sight of John and Jimmie Strange,
 Now they leaders had.

They soon learned that Jimmie understood
How to handle men of their mood,
No time then for useless debate,
They must prepare before too late,
 Conditions here were bad.

* About this time Loudon Priest laid out the village of Loudonville.

"Men here's a cabin firm and spick,
"We'll change it to a block house quick,
"Off with the roof cut down some trees
"Get busy as a hive of bees,
 "In the shining sun.
"Ev'ry one work with all his might,
"Finish the building ere comes night;
"Harvey Hill, this log with portholes notch,
"Four others must the corners box,
 "Come on let's get it done."

Some cut logs; Betsey the oxen drove,
Each with eager labor strove,
To show the leader his good will,
And cheerfully his wish to fill,
 It was a stirring sight.
Back to its place the roof was laid,
Strong and secure the door was made,
Upper story projecting over,
A perfect fort from base to cover,
 Every thing just right.

Once Strange went with Betsey and team,
Into the woods for certain beam,
And while apart with her he said,
As o'er his features a smile spread,
 "Do you remember me?"
She said: "Your face I ne'er saw before,"
He lifted the gray hair he wore,
His features changed; "Oh! now I see,
You're army scout" she said with glee,
 "You're a mystery to me."

"Tell no one who I am," he said,
"I see Tom Coulter thinks me dead.
Tonight to council you must say,
That two men must be sent away,
 Long before the morning dawn.
To Wooster they must swiftly go,
Tell General Beall all they know,
Of danger here; ask him to send,
Troops to guard you to the end,
 With no delay send on."

"Some Indians are at Greentown now,
Others are further north, somehow
They're much crippled from Copus fight,
Will care for wounded yet tonight,
 They will not fight just yet.
I'll range the woods round here tonight,
Your folks can sleep till morning light,
Then I'll return for morning meal,
Some other things I'll then reveal
 So you can danger meet."

To you I'll give my correct name,
And reasons why I can't remain;
Tell you how to hold the fort,
For your people a safe resort,
 I know you'll be discreet."
As Billy's face resumed old age,
He was to Betsey a puzzling page;
The settlers asked this man so strange
To stay all night; "nay I will range,
 The woods this house about."

"Tonight hold council, make some plans,
Let girl advise she understands;
Don't quibble, Indians have bloody hands,
They seek to rob you of your lands.
Don't argue, though you argue well,
Debate sends many men to hell;
In the morning late I'll come back,
Get my breakfast and take the track,
On other threatened route."

Into the timber he disappeared,
Not one that night the danger feared;
The settlers gathered in the gloom,
Of the darkened block house room
To hold a consultation.

Respected Betsey, who made bold,
Plans of defense to them unrolled;
Asked two young men to volunteer,
To go to Wooster to make clear,
Their dangerous situation.

Make request for a squad of men,
To range this fine Mohican glen,
Safe-guard us from the grievous woe,
Of further murder by our foe,
We need protection surely."

One fellow said: "I don't just see,"
"Stop! no debate! we must agree,"
All others cried: "'Tis life or death,
In arguing we'll waste no breath,
We've all been wrong, this girl's been right,
She thought of safety before tonight,
We must be fixed securely."

Quickly John Coulter and Harvey Hill,
Spake up we'll go with glad good will;
But John was needed as a scout,
His father and Harvey took the route,
Left at midnight early.

That night the settlers rested fine,
Billy next day returned at nine,
While Betsey fixed for him a meal,
She wondered if his face was real,

Then to her he said:

"Billy Stevens is my right name,
'Tis not every day just the same,
Because I'm army scout and spy,
With no strict rules do I comply.

Keep this within your head,

"I'm always in danger, because,
I've killed some reds against the laws,
Treaties of peace sometimes I've spurned,
Since my uncle at stake was burned,

I've kept an awful vow.

In peace my danger's from the state,
In war I'm tracked by those I hate,
Thus I am hectored day and night,
And live in state of constant flight,
From white or reds somehow.

I was born in old Virginia state,
And educated up to date,
A village school I one time taught,
Until 'twas known that men I'd shot,
I was placed under arrest.

In all my life I've been a man,
Clear from any immoral stain,
I never swore was never drunk,
From evil things I've bravely shrunk,
But I hate the Indian pest.

I'm hounded and hunted like a thief,
By those I've helped protect; in brief,
I never will believe it's crime,
To kill an Indian any time
When you know he's bad.
To you these facts I now confide,
I've no real friend on Ohio side,
If I should meet with death some day,
You may tell these things; yea and say,
Love for my race I had.

Once, Simon Girty the vile ingrate,
Who for his race holds naught but hate;
I had a chance his life to take,
Which could be done for others sake,
His murderer would be praised.
His slayer would get our country's thanks
'Twould save us from his bloody pranks,
But then I turned away in fright;
Simply because his skin is white,
'Gainst whites my hand's not raised."

Betsey said: "My heart bleeds for you,
That red and white your track pursue,
In peace or war you cannot rest,
Yet for your friends you've done your best,
You ought to be forgiven.

I cannot help but think you're good,
Because you've saved our neighborhood,
Hearts such as yours my pity moves,
I needs must think angels will choose,
To give you place in heaven."

"But still I wish you would not kill,
In time of peace; 'tis 'gainst the will,
Of rulers who wish our land to be,
True home of peaceful liberty,
Right to life should be our leaven.

When war is over will you not hie,
To where the broad prairies lie,
Turn a new leaf your vengeance cease,
Change your name and live in peace?

I do much hope you will."

"I dare not promise what I'll do,
This very day I must pursue,
An Indian who last night I saw,
I knew by largeness of his jaw,
He's vowed Tom Coulter to kill."

"Can't you scare him and spare his life,

"Think of his soul, mother or wife?"

"I dare not think, to spare him means,

"Tom Coulter's death! to me he seems

"A man much needed here."

"'Twould please the Indians if we'd quit,

"And meekly to their way submit,

"Give them a chance to shoot us down,

"Carry our scalps to Malden town,

"How they'd brag and curse."

"If I leave and not shoot this red,
"He'll lay for Coulter shoot him dead
"And take his scalp to Girty vile,
" 'Twould make that ingrate villain smile,
 "And give the red large purse.

"I now must go; if this afternoon,
"A rifle cracks, you just assume,
"That Tawnie's dead, Coulter is saved
" 'Twill quiet prowling Indian knaves,
 "Who round this blockhouse sneak.
"Tonight the troop will come, they'll scout,
"Thru the dense woods and all about,
"You'll all be safe under their care,
"Indians will prowl here and there,
"Until they're needed north.
"There are fifty now hiding near,
" 'Twixt here and Harris; do not fear,
"They have no leader brave and shrewd,
"To plan attack he's not endued,
 " 'Tis easy to drive them forth.

"From here I'll to Urbana haste,
"Of trouble they may have a taste,
"And there a message may await,
"Of great importance to the state,
 "Then back again up north.
"Our army must have another fight,
"Before the world 'twill set us right,
"A vic'try must our gen'ral win,
"To raise the hearts of drooping men,
 "With resolution bright."

"If Britain again our troops o'er throw,
"I'll haste to let the border know,
"They must look out for savage foe,
"For blood will more than ever flow,
 "They'll murder day and night.

"I will return some other day,
"To say some thing I can't now say,
"Please mind my name also my face,
"I'll sure be back to help this place,
 "Should there again be danger."

Betsey said: "Sure I'll know your name,
"But then your face 'aint twice the same,
"When I see a stranger looking Strange,
"I'll think the scout is on the range,
 "To make Strange stranger."

Billy left with so little noise,
Not even heard by prying boys;
Men and women were fencing ground,
To keep cattle from straying round.
About three o'clock the forest rang,
With the report of a rifle's bang,
They seized their guns and rushed inside
Silent and trembling; nothing beside.
Betsey alone knew what it meant,
She thought of Coulter with content,
Her features showed by quiet action,
A shot sometimes gives satisfaction.

JOHN CHAPMAN GUARDS BILLY'S BED.

We leave the blockhouse for a time,
And follow Billy with our rhyme,
He waded the Blackfork nearby,
Northward he kept with watchful eye,
As he nears the west end of a hill,
His steps grow cautious, features still,
His eye was cold and hard and fierce,
As if the very hill 'twould pierce,
His muscles swelled his bosom heaved,
A mighty deed must be achieved.
By instinct now he seems to know,
Would soon appear the murderous foe.
With nerves all strained to listening ear,
Hours he watched to see him appear.
By and by the cracking of a stick,
Drew his glance, silent but quick;
Ah! there he sees the skulking red,
With painted face and feathered head;
'Tis Tawnie, who for money and hate,
Seeks to find Coulter isolate.

Deliberate Billy takes sure aim,
As if about to slaughter game,
His rifle pealed the Indian fell,
No tale of vengeance would he tell;
Girty's murderous scheme was balked,
In safety now Tom Coulter walked.
Billy took no scalp, watchful still,
Hastened west toward Mohawk hill.

He reached the orchard at the forks
Where two Mohicans join their course;

Although the owner does not appear,
Billy knows he's somewhere near,
Weary he seeks a place of rest,
In John Chapman's leafy nest,
And there he sleeps as sound and sweet,
As any child in safe retreat.

Ere daylight broke he waked and found,
John Chapman there to guard the ground;
"I thank you John" scout Billy said,
"For faithful watching o'er my bed;
Can we together eat a meal?
What of Indians can you reveal?"

"For once my brother we can dine,
At same table and same time.
"All the whites of north and west,
At Beam's blockhouse safely rest;
At Freeport now are soldiers nine,
All they are faring smug and fine;
Some Indians are hidden on the land,
Below Greentown near at hand,
Soon they'll leave for another spot,
One of their number has been shot;
O'er this they're troubled very much,
They think no settler life would touch,
They seem to think some scout's around,
Of whom no traces they have found."

Breakfast was soon prepared perforce,
Corn bread, rye coffee just one course,
Billy had deer meat dried, but John,
Ate nothing which had life breath drawn.

They were as happy as two small boys,
Playing with their Christmas toys.
Chapman was always friend of his race,
But planned to keep the wild man's grace.
During the war to keep them hazy,
He shammed to them like one who'se crazy.
We will not dare to here take space,
To give Chapman the honored place,
He well deserves in histories,
As frontier saint of orchard trees.
He was not as queer as some may say,
He came here in an early day,
And with a fore-thought quite sublime,
Grew fruit trees for the settlers time.

Thus he was ready when they came,
To give a value more than name,
His business was important reason,
For friendship to the reds in season.
What if when moving, on his head,
The dishpan was a hat instead,
He had so many things to bear,
He was compelled a pan to wear.
Let us pause long enough to say,
He never did his race betray.
Many a warning note he gave,
Many a settler's life did save;
On Indians he dare not spy,
Yet posted his friends on the sly,
If the weary ranger wanted rest,
John Chapman guarded well his nest.

Billy Stevens grateful for sleep,
On to the west his course did keep;

Paused not at Beam's nor at Mansfield,
They had soldiers their lives to shield.
He was given commission rare,
For one who for reds did not care,
To visit Urbana, learn the state,
Of Indian camps, protect their fate.

When he reached the place soon he found,
Plenty of trouble on the ground.
Whites, who cared not for our nation,
Were calling for retaliation;
Swearing they'd enter the Indian camp,
And butcher every redskin scamp;
Indians at Detroit had massacred,
Blood for Blood was all he heard.

Grand Simon Kenton a hero old,
Stood for honor with courage bold;
To stop the carnage he sternly said,
The first to kill shall be shot dead;
Front of Indian camp with gun he stood,
Like hen who fights for chirping brood;
Woe to the man who first would dare,
To shed the blood of captive there.
Close to his side our Billy stands,
Bound to defend these helpless bands.

The coward crowd soon slunk away,
Ashamed to face the finer clay,
Cruelty noble hearts can't ravage,
'Tis found in thugs, or born in savage.
Billy met with the Greentown few,
They were a badly frightened crew;

They knew him not, their voices blend
To praise him as the redman's friend.
Sally came with beaming face,
Begged him to take her from the place,

Offered to marry him if he'd hire,
Service of Urbana squire.
Billy replied: I know Jonacake,
Such an act would his heart break;
Sally thought that might be right,
But still she'd like to marry white;
Stevens told the gushing lass,
He didn't belong to marrying class.

Next day a runner did entrance make,
None other than faithful Jonacake;
He'd come at Winchester's command,
To guide fresh troops to army stand.
He soon found Sally, she seemed glad,
Vowed she's be true while breath she had.
"Soon as war's over I'll get a squire,
We'll be married by white knot tier."

Poor Sally! reared as Indian drudge
Of sacred pledge she was no judge,
She wanted with a white to mate,
And with the whites associate.
Should white propose, I'm sure I know,
Poor Jonacake would turn to dough.

The looked for troops were coming slow,
Billy and Jonacake might go.
Out to the plain to get large game,
The camp was much in need of same.

Jonacake led a mule along,
With pack on back both good and strong,
Along the edge of Darby plain
Next day after a chilly rain,
Billy brought down a handsome deer,
But Jonacake had shot a bear.

The bear wounded in the backbone
Like suffering child began to moan,
Jonacake stroking him on the crest,
Thus the whining bear addressed:
"Hark ye, bear! you a coward are,
Only cowards will pain declare,
If you were brave you'd never cry,
And whimper like a woman's sigh;
You know our tribes are now at war,
And yours the transgressors are.
You sneak about our towns to steal
Our hogs; and rob us of our meal,
Perhaps right now there's in your belly,
Some Indian's hog ground to jelly;
Coward! if you had conquered me,
I'd not disgrace my tribe like thee."

Stevens smiled, said: "Why Jonacake,
The bear cannot your meaning take."
"O, yes he understands quite well,*
Look he's ashamed too much to tell."
Billy stooped to closer see the bear,
Bang! went a gun, a ball whizzed where
His head had been; his life was saved,
By superstition strangely gave.

* See Heckewelder on Indian Superstitions.

Quicker than a gray squirrel's jump, -
Jonacake whirled saw Indian's rump,
Through broken grass not very tall,
Crack went his gun, straight went the ball,
The Indian struggled in the throes,
Then quietly sank to last repose.
Ah! he must have been a warrior true,
To take his chance against the two.

Billy exclaimed: "I'll watch around,
To see if others are on the ground,
You load the meat and we'll get out,
This is no place for army scout.
The meat was loaded in the pack,
Calm as if there'd been no attack.
Jonacake got the redman's hair,
Smiling said: "Indian had no care."

They hurried back without event,
With two days hunt they were content
Next morning early Billy was gone,
Leaving no message to any one;
A guard said that late in the night,
Messenger came; as soon light,
Billy had left at runner's pace,
As if his business required haste.

The scout with cheerful speed and heart
Hurried to Piqua to impart,
News that made all the army glad,
For a new leader now they had.
At noon he placed in Harrison's hand
Commission that gave him command,

Of West Department and the North,
This was September twenty-fourth.

Harrison went north took scout along
All hoping this would change the song,
From sad defeat to cheering shout,
The haughty Britain soon to rout.
They took their march toward Defiance,
At old Saint Mary's they made alliance
With other troops; their number then,
Was near three thousand valiant men.

This appointment gave the west,
New courage; they believed him best.
He had the courage and the skill,
To calm the discontented will,
He had sagacity and power,
To meet the trials of the hour.
He had experience, well he knew,
To meet with Indian cunning too.

From Defiance the foe retreated
In their attack they'd been defeated,
But still they linger on Maumee,
With much defiant revelry.
Our boys had very hungry grown,
Tho a bold front they still had shown,
That which honest courage most tries,
Is lack of clothes and food supplies.

Hungry men so chilly and tired,
Talked of going home; it required,
All the shrewdness of their chief
To prevent deserting; (tho with grief.)

It was a time to try the soul
Suffering beyond the will's control;
Such hardships we cannot know again;
Transporting grub and marching men,
Over long routes 'neath forest trees,
No warming sun no drying breeze.

Such lingering rains such deep'ning freeze,
No wonder teamsters loud declare,
It's 'nough to make a preacher swear.
Starvation, cold and dreary days,
Sun always hidden in the haze,
Horses weary, hungry and weak,
Long swamps and overflowing creek;
These the hardships that they bore,
In wilderness during that war.

A new fort built, named in brief,
Winchester, for the displaced chief;
Who was retained to lead the left,
Better have sent him home, bereft.
Haughty Winchester thought he knew,
More than his chief, all others too;
Pushed right on with the good left wing,
With a chance to do a glorious thing;
Did well at first, alas for pride,
It always goes before a slide.
Down Maumee, pushed on to Raisin,
Foe retreats, his luck amazing;
His army halts at old French town,*
'Twas here for ease he dropped his crown.
In pleasant home of friend Navarre,

* Now Monroe.

By cheering fire and sumptuous fare,
In talk with Jocko a British spy,
Forgot himself, his big long I;
Away from his army over a mile,
Yields to pleasure of Jocko's smile.
Billy many a message bore,
With cold and hunger his nerves were sore;
From chief to chief through snow and rains,
Others fell out still *he* remains;
Logan, Riddle and other spies,
Were captured or had lost their lives,
With last message, he Winchester found,
In spuerb home with spy spellbound.

Billy warned him the foes were nigh,
"Tell Lewis and Allen" was his reply
The scout with gen'ral coaxed and plead,
With anxious face and heart that bled,
To save himself from onward swoop,
That would his quarters easy scoop.
All his coaxing and tears were vain,
Useless to urge, the truth was plain.
An angry voice he heard at last,
"Get out, you're giving advice unasked."
Billy left with pain and sorrow,
Knowing deep grief would come tomorrow.
How did Jocko weave such a spell,
O'er poor Winchester? none can tell,
What demon did he raise from hell,
Up to this time all had been well.

The scout chagrined and forced to leave,
Fell in a net of Jocko's weave;

Ten rods from house, in darkness black,
Received from hidden foe a whack,
Which laid him sprawling on his back;
Half senseless he was quickly dragged,
(While boasting Indians coarsely bragged)
To the British General Proctor,
All were pleased to savage laughter.

With searching question Proctor plied
But information was denied;
Angry the heartless Britain spurned him,
Over to Indian mercy turned him.
How the red men roared with glee,
They'd save him for a daylight spree,
Talked of gauntlet and butchery,
Tied him and gave to strong man,
To guard until next day began.
On way to tent they knocked him down,
Billy bore it and made no moan.
He rolled and wallowed in the snow,
He did one thing they did not know,
He wet the thong that bound his wrist,
Gathered a handful in each fist.
Reaching the guard house all retired,
Except the one as guard required.

The night was dark and freezing cold,
The guard gave blanket, Billy rolled,
To suit himself, with quiet twist,
He 'plied the snow to thong on wrist.
When wet it stretched, tho still 'twas strong,
As deer hide will when made in thong;

His hands were free; his gun was left,
At door of lodge, his plans were deft,
He knew full well, to make his flight,
'Twixt he and guard would be a fight.

As midnight hour drew on he thought,
His freedom might by wit be wrought;
The guard kept a most faithful watch,
No sleep should his good fame debauch.
The cold wind howled the tent about,
Sighed in the trees a wailing flout,
Strange whining moaning awful sound
Seemed in the air and all around.

Above he heard a baby's cry,
Next a villain's voice seemed nigh,
Next from outside came groans and sighs,
Like one in pain before he dies.
Billy in silence seemed to sleep,
Yet scared the guard with witchcraft deep.
"What's that I hear" the Indian said,
With bulging eyes face deeper red,
"It sounds like voices from the dead,
"Can it be ghosts of those I've sped?"
"I'm the great spirit come for you,
You'll soon fall dead unless you do,
What I now tell you; go in haste,
Not a moment must you waste,
The Spirit spoke the Indian tongue,
And from the earth it seemed to come.
"Your chief Tecumseh's awful sick,
"Get the medicine man real quick,

"Or with the cramps he soon will die,
Go Dowdee go, I tell thee hie!
He glanced at Billy with look of fear,
Soundly sleeping, seemed not to hear.
But groan on groan rose from the ground,
So deeply solemn and profound.
"Go, go, let not your chieftain die,
Fly to him quick, O, Dowdee fly."

Dowdee no more could hesitate,
Sprang from the tent at mighty rate,
Ran on and did not dare look back,
He feared the devil was on his track.
Billy sprang too and grasped his gun,
Out through the camp he swiftly run,
Avoiding tents where red men lodge,
Easy did he the sentinel dodge;
On, on, he flew with aching head,
Giving no thought which way he sped.
The stroke on head, severe contusion,
Now began to cause confusion,
His face was hot his brain was wild,
On, on, he ran like frightened child.

Daylight dawned he was far away,
From place where camps of army lay;
He saw a house near which he fell,
How long he lay he could not tell.
A farmer saw his bloody form,
Fall in dooryard in early morn,
By the help of wife and daughter,
Bore him in and gave him water.

On a good bed he was kindly laid,
He fell asleep no notice paid.
The tender daughter dressed his wound,
Washed off the clots of blood she found,
She worked with speed of ready will,
And dressed his wound with nurses skill.
His mother could not be more kind,
Such thoughtful care we seldom find.
"Who could he be" the parents ask,
He was no bum for there's no flask,
The tok'n of a drunken spree.
He looked like son of chivalry;
His garb though worn was fairly neat,
It once had been in form complete;
His features strained from weary run
Were fine as tho nobleman's son.

At evening twilight he awoke,
Gazed on the girl and feebly spoke,
"Are you Betsey came here in dream?"
"No I'm Hetty Larne"; "Ah! I seem
To be in house, I ran from tent,
Where red men on my life were bent,
Tell me how did I get here,
My eyes are dim my head feels queer."
Hetty said: "You're in the king's land,
Though many miles from army stand."

He tried to rise, too much he aches,
"I belong to the United States"
"In yard you fell" the old man said,
"At first I thought I found you dead,

"We're for the king but never mind,
"We'll not betray or be unkind."
Hetty brought some toasted bread,
He saw that here was naught to dread;
Of kindness do their faces speak,
Pious love glowed in eye and cheek.
Hetty asked: "Is Betsey your wife,"
"No, I am still in single life;
"Betsey's a girl on Mohican's banks,
"Who rowed me cross received my thanks;
"I dreamed that o'er a stream I'd crossed,
"Above me, I thought a sweet face tossed,
"It might be thine, you must have stood,
"Near, when I waked from loss of blood;
"To American army I belong,
"Captured by band of Indians strong;
"They struck me hard upon my head,
"Were going to have a savage spread;
"I escaped but wrong course take,
And must have ran o'er ice bound lake;
Jimmie Strange is my name; O, my head,
I'm dizzy!" out his arms he spread
And swooned and there he helpless lay,
Fevered and daft for many a day.
These pious people watched his bed,
As though he'd been a son instead
Of entire stranger; we seldom find,
Hearts so generous and so kind.

In time the fever days are past,
And convalescence comes at last;
The frame that's suffered severe strain,
Must slowly come to strength again.

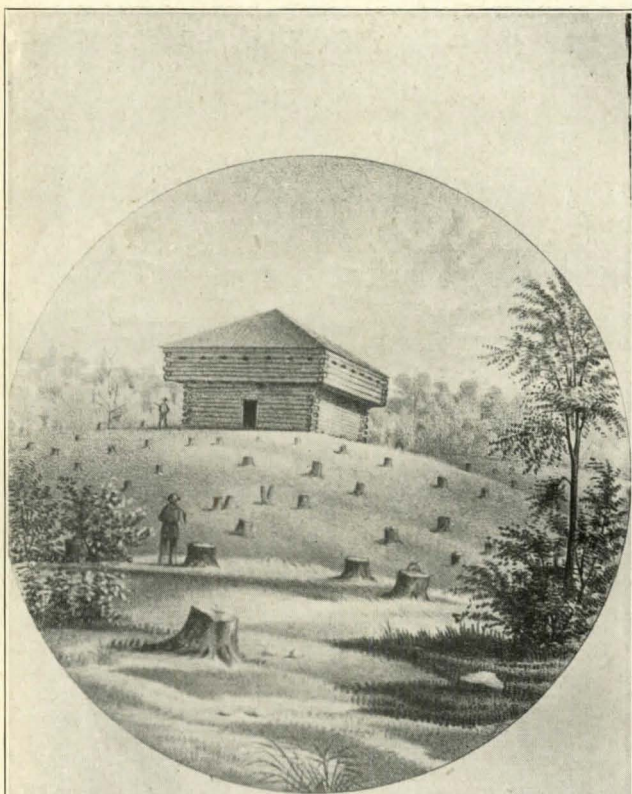
The fever's gone clear is his mind,
Brilliant his wit as you can find;
Can carry on learned conversation,
Its plain he's born of highest station.
He restless grows and pines for change,
Longing on Indian trails to range,
These friends still think his name Strange,
To change it, might his plans derange.

Sitting in chair waiting for health,
Pleased with the comfort of their wealth,
He learns that he's by Hetty loved,
By thoughtful care he sees it proved.
By parents too he's much admired,
Permanent stay is much desired;
The father offers work with pay,
If in their home he'll only stay.
At this knowledge he's much astounded,
'Twas fine to be by love surrounded;
'Tis sweet he said in passing thought,
Here is a most delightful spot,
Where all the past can be forgot,
And peaceful years could be my lot.
The very life of which Betsey told,
Here in peace he now could hold;
In Canada is chance for life,
Free from pursuit and legal strife.
Into his heart with deep concern,
He looks to see what he can learn.
Long he examines and can see,
In his own heart perversity.
Longing for Betsey in life so young,
That from himself she could have sprung.

Is it real or imagination,
He thinks she'll take the situation.
Who can tell, is such fancy bred,
In man's heart or in his head?

But here is one near his own age,
With soul as pure as whited page,
With modesty that dares not speak,
Still love gleams from her eye and cheek.
She'd be his own if he would ask,
Share with him in every task.
In Billy's conduct we may trace
Perverseness of our human race;
Why don't he marry this lady bright,
Instead of searching in the night,
Where love must make a doubtful flight.
Only one answer can we find,
That love is blind, yes, love is blind.

'Twas first of April ere he could leave,
The parting caused his soul to grieve;
He told them there would come a day,
When more than thanks would be their pay.
Hetty followed him to the gate,
Tho her heart beat at rapid rate,
But still she kept in good control,
And hid her agony of soul.
Tho Billy's heart doth in him burn
He does not promise to return.
Down the road he slowly passed,
To be again with army classed.



— BLOCKHOUSE AT JEROMEVILLE 1812 —

CANTO IV.

BILLY STEVENS,

or

LIFE ON THE OHIO MOHICANS, 1812.

(117)

A FORT OF 1912.*

GRAND fortresses with expensive guns,
Strong walls in good condition,
Great stores of ammunition,
Hundreds of soldiers paid ample sums,
Man the bristling parapets,
Glistening with steel coronets.

Soldiers well clad, sumptuously fed,
On corned beef most abundant,
Luxuriously redundant,
Barracks like palaces, mattress bed,
With hours of ease, days of sport;
Occupy the modern fort.

Such our present defense and defenders,
Who with funds sufficient,
In games most proficient,
In arts of war pompous pretenders,
On a full commissary,
Fight a foe visionary.

A FRONTIER FORT OF 1812.

It was not so one hundred years ago,
When redcoats vicious cruel,
Hired red-skins likewise, dual,

* This entire Canto was written in 1912 before the art of strong defense was developed as it is now in 1917.

Were our nation's bloodthirsty foe,
Determined to steal our land,
To enlarge the British strand.

Then the fortress was a blockhouse,
Built of logs merely flattened,
With split block chinking battened,
Defended by men dressed in homespun blouse,
With guns fired by flint-locks,
Long barrels and heavy stocks.

Their barracks were built of round logs,
Thatched only with bark and brush,
Bedded with leaves or rush,
Resembling a log pen for hogs;
Living on wild venison,
Beech nuts and God's benison.

Long days they ranged through forests tall,
Searching for skulking tramps,
Sneaking red savage scamps,
Oft' hid behind trees, ready to fall,
With destructive cruel intent,
On white settlers, innocent.

Those were days of trials and privations,
Of primitive conditions,
Of want and forced volitions;
When England fought for our plantations,
Her redskins were defeated,
Then her redcoats retreated.

Next they fought great forests from the land,
These soldier citizens true;
Made old England blue,
Because we free government planned,
And we soon plainly showed them,
That free nations outgrewed them.

Divine right of kings we far out ran,
We bettered our condition,
Threw off old world superstition,
Rid of their contemptible red coat ban,
Rid of their monarch fetter,
We're a thousandfold better.

LIFE IN THE BLOCKHOUSE.

'Twas at the setting of the sun,
When twilight shades were well begun;
When Coulter Tom and Harvey Hill
Came riding through the forest, still,
At the head of soldiers nine
From Wooster, marching in a line;
On whom the settlers now depend,
Their threatened homesteads to defend.

The blockhouse stood where stream turns north,
Then shortly eastward, sallies forth,
Through a valley of fertile land,
As can be found on Blackfork's strand.
'Twas then with lofty forests dressed,
But soon rich fields from stream to crest,
With soil so level and so nice,
It seems e'en now a paradise.

Lieutenant Wintringer led this band,
Firm and worthy to hold command;
John Coulter returned from day's scout,
Reported that Indians were about.
At three o'clock he'd heard a shot,
But could not tell exact spot;
It seemed to come from near the hill,
Felt sure it did not white man kill;

Thought perhaps Strange the army scout,
Fired at something as he went out,
If so, he did not doubt a bit,
Some skulking red skin had been hit.
This is all that could then be known,
Except days after there was shown
A fresh grave on Greentown hill,
Betsey cautiously kept quite still.

Soldiers kept watchful guard that night,
Ready at any alarm to fight;
Then in the morning all would scout,
If Indians were gone they'd find it out.
The men could to their cabins go,
To safeguard stock from treach'rous foe.
But women must in blockhouse stay,
Nor in the forest should they stray.

That night none ever could forget,
It seemed a time for excitement set;
Midnight brought that old, old wail,
Which Eve did on our race entail;
A woman's cry in pangs of birth,
(Why, why such pain O, mother earth)

Mistress Conine through fret and fright,
Gave birth to baby boy that night.
Strange that circumstance and weather,
Bring so many cares together,
One woe scarce from our senses steal,
Until another woe we feel.
'Tis said a law of fate must be,
One grief is multiplied by three.
Sad, in this hour of painful strife,
No doctor's there, nor no midwife;
None who knew how to relieve pain,
Nor how she could her strength regain.
Those who could treat with skill or charm,
Had fled elsewhere at first alarm.
Mothers there, who did all they could,
But none knew how to stanch the blood.
On came remorseless monster dread,
In a few hours the wife was dead.
True when fright the mind is thrilling,
We can't do much though we're willing.
Just when death will have its inning,
We cannot know from the beginning,
Whether 'twill end in sunset of gold,
Or gloom and agony untold.

How sweet that in this land of ours,
Grief brings forth sympathetic powers,
We pause, even when bent on gain
To shed our tears at sorrows pain;
And strive the aching heart to cheer,
Or do a deed of kindness there.
Jerry Conine wept not alone,
Glistening tears all round him shone;

Motherless babe in gloomy woods,
Stirs souls of the sternest moods.

How could they bury her form away
With bloody war in full array.
The lieutenant came to the door,
To say his men would range woods o'er,
If Indians still were thereabout,
Their hiding place he'd ferret out.
Just then good John Chapman appeared,
They wondered how the news he'd heard,
But with a sympathizing sigh,
He spoke of life in the by and by.

He said that Indians were now where,
Old Greentown stood, but in a scare,
They would leave today because one,
They'd found shot dead at set of sun;
And they knew soldiers soon would scout,
And drive them forth in bloody rout.
From lumber obtained in late July,
Did Harve Hill the coffin supply,
The shroud by loving hands was made;
They'd lay her near where Hill was laid,
Crawford and Rice dug out the grave,
All were guarded by soldiers brave.
Next day they bore the body away,
To where it rests till judgment day.

John Coulter had seen the day before,
A little smoke from Greentown pour;
But he returned the fun'ral day,
To report the reds had moved away.

Next day they clearly ascertained,
That not a redskin then remained;
But none could tell when they'd return,
With savage whoop to kill or burn.

Betsey met John when he came in sight,
And rowed the boat across; despite,
His protest that he should pull the oar,
It only made her smile the more,
And say: "If with danger you must play,
I'll do my part some other way."
John was pleased but still he thought,
The other scout her love had caught.

Blockhouse life is ever dreary,
Of sameness soon the mind grows weary,
Nature true, is always charming,
But silence after days alarming
Seems solemn as the doleful tone,
When from the wind the forests moan.
Nature has melancholy tone
Since seas have roared and winds have blown.

The charm of music never fails,
O'er man and beast its spell prevails,
It brings serene and heav'nly cheer,
To souls in sorrow or in fear.
Harvey Hill had splendid voice,
Abbie Coulter a singer choice,
With John Coulter and Betsey Rice,
With music sweet the hours will spice.

A Pensy Harmonist they find,
With buckwheat notes old fashioned kind;

This quartet led the music sweet,
To make their evening joys complete.
When of the singing they would tire,
A story or two they'd require,
Tom Coulter exhausted his supply,
Of boating tales upon the "Hi."

The soldier boys always came in,
When the music would begin,
This made the evenings a delight,
Relieved the ugly talk of fight.
One of the boys was quite a blow,
They called him teamster, an incogno;
The boys on amusement intent,
Urged him to tell how once he went,
From Canton to Pittsburgh with team,
To bring whiskey the drink supreme.
He hemmed and hawked, spat in fire,
Of chewing he never seemed to tire,
At last he answered their desire:

"Wall to begin, if I must tell her,
I'm a very religious feller,
I don't believe in doins wrong,
Nor a ligion yer cant keep long;
I'm none of yer saft headed sort,
Engagin' in backslidin' sport;
I'm of the Hardshell Baptist kind,
An yer must keep that thar in mind,
I wouldn't give a single midgeon,
Fer any other kind religion;
Once in grace yer always thar,
Is how ter keep the record squar.

The fellers all along the line,
Know me as a teamster fine,
Honest as the bright beaming sun,
Trusty since my life begun;
The Canton chaps one day this fall,
Wanted an honest man to haul,
Some whiskey from old Pittsburg town,
I was the chap to do it brown.
Wall I carried their money through,
Bought the whiskey good and true;
Six barrels as good as e'er was made
Plenty to liven up the trade.
I started on my journey back,
First day fair good dusty track.
Next day came an October rain,
Freezin', drizzlin', sleety amain;
I was cold and awful thirsty too,
When out my whiskey flask I drew,
'Twas empty; what was I ter do?
I'd drank a quart the day before
But now I had ter have some more.
Gosh! I never in my life was beat,
On board wagon I had it sweet;
But 'twas all bunged up strong and tight,
Staves would not yield to appetite.
Wall I jist sot a barrel on end,
And with my gun, (always my friend)
Into the barl a hole I shot
Four big flasks of whiskey I got.
I let down the barl plugged the vent,
Golly! that was time well spent;
That whiskey was the grandest stuff,
I really could not get enough;

'Twas better'n honey, sweeter'n milk,
Smoother than the finest silk.
I began to feel so good and warm,
To trot the team would do no harm;
I speeded them up pretty full
Then of the flask I took a pull;
My gosh! but things were goin' fine
I pulled again of that stuff divine.
Gee whiz! the team was gittin' brisky,
Again I took a dram of whiskey,
The weather was no longer misty.
The pesky lines kept gittin' crossed
With them I all my patience lost;
I slacked to take another drink,
(Things were movin, yer better think;)
My lines and horses had a craze,
And took to strange contrary ways;
When I pulled right the team went left,
Like crazy fools of sense bereft;
At last I jerked 'em mighty tight,
Laid on the whip with all my might;
Beside the road was good sized crick,
Into which we plunged mighty quick;
I jumped the ground rose up and met me,
The cussed lines were what upset me;
The wagon crashed in upside down
The horses lay where they would drown;
I sprang in water up to my thighs,
And yelled! some hunters heard my cries.
My harness with a knife I cut,
And soon I had the horses up.
Then came the hunters on the scene,
And told me I had foolish been

To cut my harness, destroy my reins,
'Twas easy to unhook the chains.
Wall we got out wagon and barrels,
Rescued the horses from their perils.
Them fellers were gittin' frisky
Fer a taste of that good whiskey.
My flasks were empty, I can't tell,
But spect I drank them in my swell.
But again I pulled out the plug,
Filled all their bottles and a jug.
Then they began to pour it down,
And spread the news to a small town
Which was only a mile away,
And I had comp'ney all that day.
I felt so stout, dod rot the luck,
I could have licked old friar Tuck;
I had two fights got well pounded,
Treated the crowd till all were grounded.

Wall, next morning when I awoke,
Lyin' in wagon I felt dead broke;
Of damages I took a cast,
Found I'd been goin' mighty fast;
My horses tied in feedin' fold,
Shakin' as if they had a cold;
The bar'l of whiskey so precious,
Was empty! true by gracious!
Wagon box split two wheels without spoke,
Couplin pole wrenched, hind hounds broke,
Front hounds twisted, every thing snurled,
Black snake missing, harness all curled.
Beside I was miles on wrong road,
With broken rig and damaged load.

Just then 'long come a tradin' chap,
Who snickered at my sad mishap;
I got mad was goin' to lick him,
He dodged an tole me not kick him,
He'd buy me out pay me in gold,
Jinks! I quick the whole outfit sold.
Then into the town I wandered,
And in sport the day was squandered.
The trader was a jolly crook,
We played cards, some few tricks I took
But when 'twas time to go bed,
Of every dollar I was shed;
In the mornin' I tried to find him,
He'd gone; left no trace behind him.

Wall thar I was without a job,
To go to Canton meant a mob;
I jined the army 'twas best way,
To keep the others from their pay.
I cleared my conscience for time to come,
I could not help what crook had done.
For the pesky trouble don't blame me
I simply *had* to have a spree,
And what happened jist had to be,
Accordin' to divine decree.
I never lost my 'ligion good,
Its kept me safe through storm and flood,
Sure, once in grace you're always thar;
Is how I kept my record squar."
The settlers stamped their feet and laughed,
The children seemed to think him daft;
The soldiers tipped their caps, good night,
Soon all were wrapped in slumber light.

Still soldiers scout throughout the day,
And through the night but two would stay
Awake to guard, in dew and damp
While others slept within the camp.
Next evening Mrs. Coulter said:
That Nancy's nose long time had bled.
The Father tried the blood to stop,
By placing finger on the chop.
Teamster said: "Why don't 'cher know,
I can quickly stop that flow,
By sayin' words? I'll say 'em now;"
Silently he said his powwow;
And lo! the nose ceased to annoy
And teamster's face beamed with joy.

This started Jones, who said he knew,
The good a few such words could do,
For his mother practiced that art,
Did wonders that would make you start.
"Once neighbor's boy fell in the fire,
When his mother was out with sire,
Tryin' to milk an ornry cow,
That was always kickin' up a row.
Within the house she heard a scream,
(She'd been forewarned in midnight dream)
She hurried back in fire there lay,
Her boy with both legs burned away,
She snatched him, but they hung a crisp,
Like roasted pork; child could not lisp,
But weak from pain had fainted away,
And limply in her arms he lay.
Quickly they for my mother sent,
Just as promptly there she went,

And saw the boy's awful condition
To the Lord she made petition.
Then waved her hands o'er boy's head
The magic words she quickly said;
The child awakened without a cry,
Mother told them he would not die.
Then blowing, she drove out the fire,
His flesh came back like new attire;
Boy never felt one pang of pain,
And soon good health he did regain.
Ah! there's nothing so certain sure
As healin' by the old word cure.*
Lieutenant Wintriner now spoke,
Not often had he silence broke;
"Once a friend of mine was drowned,
Where his body could not be found,
Though the men the river had dragged,
Till courage, and their wits were fagged.
At last a good friend came to tell,
Of a wizard, he knew quite well,
Who by aid of cards could impart,
As plain as 'twere on a chart,
The exact spot where they would find
The body; tho wizard was blind.
To him they went, he told them where,
They must move the sand with care.
They did so, but strange the more,
They found one drowned six years before.
To the blind man again they went;
He said, that where the channel bent,

* The exaggeration in some of these tales was common with pioneer story tellers, each tried to give the most marvelous yarn.

Was a man against a snag 'bove drift,
Where water was not running swift.
They looked just as they had been told,
Sure 'nough the body they behold.
This blind one seemed more than mortal man,
He read the stars before war began
Predicted how 'twould come and end,
How God would be our nation's friend.
Again the soldiers tipped their caps,
And left the settlers to their naps.

One night after an hour of song
They called on Dye a soldier strong,
To tell about the great campaign
When he had fought with Ant'ney Wayne.
"I cannot tell it all," said he,
"But will tell you what happened me
When I went forth one morning damp,
To find a deer to bring to camp.

The deer were scarce I had to range,
Far from the camp to woodlands strange.
Of deer all day I got no sight,
Till sky showed signs of coming night.
Then, killed a fine one at first crack,
And had just slung him on my back,
When ping! chebang! went Indian gun,
I dropped the deer and 'gan to run;
I ran as crooked as a worm,
And dodged ten bullets as they come;
After me were Indians just ten,
I tell you there was racin' then;

I've had many a runnin' bee,
Never saw the man could outrun me.
But one old warrior 'gan to gain,
To keep ahead was heavy strain,
So I whirled and shot, down he fell,
I thought I'd get a breathin' spell;
But right on came the other nine,
Four were abreast, five in line,
I ran and loaded whirled and shot,
Till eight were fallen from the lot.

The ninth came runnin' on pellmell,
I caught my foot and down I fell,
I lost my ramrod could not load,
To catch me his gun away he'd throwed.
E're I could rise the red was on me,
Clutched as if he would have bound me.
We clutched and rolled and rolled and clutched,
We grabbed and tussled and all such,
Into a great dry hole we fell,
I was on top; he held so well
That I could not get loose, nor he
Turn to get a chance at me.

I 'gin to think my time was o'er,
For of Indians there might be more;
When of a sudden it 'gan to rain,
O, how it poured where we were la'in',
I never saw such mighty shower,
A whirlwind too the woods did scour;
The hole where we lay 'gan to fill,
The water poured in steady rill,

I was on top and held him down,
I knew he'd be the first to drown.
I held him till he lost his breath,
Yea, till his heart was still in death.
Then I crawled out limped back to camp,
More dead than living from my tramp.
A troop went out and found next day,
The Indians strung along the way;
The ten were dead, I had killed them,
My escape with wonder thrilled them."

By the chimney Ben Sharrock sat,
Chewing tobacco and he spat,
Into the fire such ample pool,
As caused the backlog to fry and cool;
Small part he'd had in tale or joke
But in shrill voice now out he spoke.

"Speakin' of whirlwinds reminds me,
Of one I saw in ninety-three;
I was choppin' on old Whetstone,
When the trees 'gan to sigh and moan,
And bow down, weave back and forth,
Scream and groan like the howling north.
An such a roarin' I never heerd,
It screeched so loud that I was skeered.
I cast my eye toward the sky,
An whirlin' things were flyin' high;
Limbs an whole trees above me wheelin'
Shrieked like a thousand pigs a squealin';
'Twas worse than any backwoods slashin'
For every where the trees were crashin'.

What should I do? thar's no time to run,
Awful black clouds shut out the sun;
A hick'ry tree 'bout eight inches thick
Around it I cast my arms real quick.
On rushed the howling hurricane,
I soon was soaked with pouring rain,
Round and around that tree I whirled,
So swift my backbone outward curled,
I made a sound like spinnin' wheel,
My hair cracked like measuring reel;
Still to the tree I held on fast,
Till my arms wore it off at last.

Then to the earth I fell in swoon,
And did not wake till next day noon;
Timber all round me prostrate laid,
Not a shrub left to make a shade.
For seven days in circles I walked
My tongue curled every time I talked."
Laughing the soldiers now arose,
And sought their barracks for repose.

Thus nights in song and stories spent,
Brought a taste of sweet content.
'Twas a winter of severe cold,
No one suffered in this large fold;
The blockhouse was by great fire warmed,
Its glowing blaze the circle charmed.
The soldiers' quarters had fire too,
They were a happy jolly crew,
The fire place made both heat and light,
They kept it burning day and night.

One happy truth was showing plain,
Harvey Hill's songs were not in vain;
He won the heart of Abigail,
With mellow voice and love's sweet tale.
Prospects of wedding coming true,
In these great woods was something new.
O, it's lofty thought, sublime,
To live in the inauguration time,
Of era new and events great
To both religion and the state.

To fall in love the very first,
A custom pure, one never curst;
To have it said in future age,
They were first to enter the stage,
Of Holy wedlock within the bounds,
Of Richland county's environs.

Sometime during the coming spring,
When homing birds began to sing,
Reverend Scott of churchly fame,
Joined them in both hand and name.
Quietly wedded life begun,
Without the usual shiv'ree fun,
Through a long connubial trail,
They kept to Blackfork's sandy gail.

Betsey hoped John Coulter 'd say,
"I love you," but he kept away
She gave him chance enough to speak,
Thought if he loved 'twas very weak.
Could John have known what Betsey thought,
To him 'twould thrills of joy have brought.

O'er his sad heart a veil was there,
He thought for him she did not care.

Pshaw! John, a modest woman woo you!
Will her position ne'er come to you?
You admire because she is not bold,
And yet from her you now withhold
Admission of what you inward feel,
Do you deserve a love so real?

The settlers now protected well,
By army of General Beall,*
The men went daily all about,
But women kept from going out.
On northern route the army strung,
In long line the camps were flung.
One day marching, next day miring,
Some going home their time expiring,
On them the country could not depend,
Unless the time they could extend.

General Crook took the Greentown route
Stopped a few days with all his troop;
To view the settlers' situation
He visits them by invitation.
They welcomed him with heart and hand,
Made for him a dinner grand.
Something to eat each settler brought,
To please the great guest each one sought.
Fifteen men could at one time dine,
Others could eat at second time.

* Beall's army was stretched from Wooster to Huron River.

The general and staff now only four
Sat at the head next to the door,
The leading settlers half a score,
Sat next, and cordial welcome bore.
Others stood 'long the wall that day,
To hear what General had to say.

He talked of war and muddy roads,
Of mules and horses and black snake goads.
He talked of Winchester's defeat,
Such careless men good plans will beat.
He talked of officers of course,
One colonel had *his wife divorced*.
And other things till 'twas time to go,
His words came forth with pleasing flow;
Then he arose and thanked them all
For the welcome they'd given his call.
When he had gone 'twas soldiers' time,
To gather 'round in pantomime;
And eat their share of gen'rous treat,
The generals stories to repeat.
One said he could not for his life,
Get meaning of *divorced* his wife;
Tho o'er it hard his mind he'd bent,
He could not figger what it meant.
"I don't know either" was the retort,
Then to dictionary they'd resort.
But in the fort was no such book,
Tho they searched in every nook.
One said he guessed divorce meant libel,
He thought he'd seen one in the bible;
Another believed it was a calf,
He'd chased one a mile and a half;

Barler said from what he could learn,
It was a pesky little germ,
Emitted when a woman pants,
From over heating in the dance.
Smith thought it was a ghostly form,
That stalked in footsteps of a storm.
Ben Sharrock said he thought it cursed,
A home washed out by a cloud burst.
Dye thought it a salve of some new kind
To heal the folks of feeble mind;
That first they shaved the patient's head,
And on the bare spot it was spread.
Jones who always seemed so wise,
Said nothin' like it had met his eyes
Wall, wall by jocks it beats the dutch,
I wonder if it hurt her much.
Teamster said: "'cordin to my view,
That thar word is somethin' new."
O, that this baneful cause of woe,
Was as a hundred years ago.

Next Colonel Anderson came through,
His swearing men attention drew;
In mud and roots both deep and strong,
Fifty, six-horse teams dragged along;
Mud so deep teams almost swum,
As cold as ice and thick as gum;
To patience of men 'twas great trial,
They camped at Greentown for a while.
Meantime the troop of nine had left,
The blockhouse was almost bereft.
For all the settlers now had gone,
With households each to his own home.

Now each in his own cabin stayed,
Of savages quite unafraid,
Clearing land to enlarge his borders,
Raising crops for future orders.

First of August one sultry day,
The nine men came in haste that way,
Ordered each settler with all speed,
Into the blockhouse, 'twas great need.
The British and their Indian aids,
Discouraged had raised the siege of Meigs;
Now southward marched with whoop and yell
Their purpose none could yet foretell;
'Twas thought the Indians might return,
Again to rob and kill and burn,

Wintringer to Betsey a note gave,
From Billy the army scout, so brave;
He said: "You need not feel alarm,
War is weakening the British arm;
Far from supplies no march they'll make
Must stay in easy reach of lake;
'Tis only a ruse cunning resort,
To draw our army from the fort.
Of treacherous Indians keep watch sharp,
They might do mischief in the dark."

John Coulter took up the old regime,
Of scouting up and down the stream;
Far and near the woods they range,
Listening for noises strange.
Harvey and Abbie had to sing,
For peace and quiet it would bring,

Soon were stories as before
They gathered 'round the blockhouse door.

One night Wintringer came in late,
Had great experience to narrate,
Said: "I was north scouting 'round,
Was coming home past the old mound;*
The shades of night were gently falling,
When I heard a low voice calling.
I looked and lo, mound covered o'er,
With a hundred Indians or more;
Yet this crowd of Indian braves,
Were silent as their fathers' graves.
I moved as quietly as could be,
No one seemed to notice me.
There they sat and smoked and smoked,
Their solemn silence spirits invoked.
The air filled with clammy chill,
I stood spell bound against my will.
Close now I gazed and in their midst,
One white man sat and I insist,
Was dressed in American uniform,
And looked as he of king was born;
I watched them all 'twas plain as day,
No others came none went away.
Nor none a single motion made,
All still and silent as a shade.
I 'gan to think I must be dream,
And pinched myself awake I seem.
By and by in order all arose,

* This mound is still visible on the Parr farm north-west of Perrysville.

As if the business then was closed;
Marching in slow and measured pace,
Shook white man's hand; in whose face,
Was glow of friendship, and a smile,
Like gleam of victory the while.
I thought I'd go and join the band,
When lo, as sure as here I stand,
Nobody was there; perfect dark,
No ray of light or faintest spark."

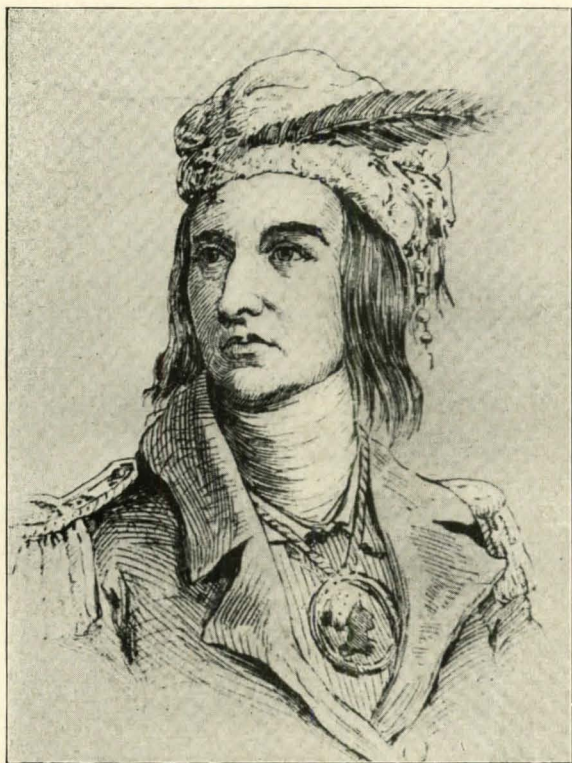
"What does that mean" Tom Coulter asked,
"Such visions oft' a meaning mask."
"Well," the lieutenant made reply,
"When 'twas over I thought I'd die,
I lay on mound in sort of swoon,
All my powers were out of tune.
Then came a man dressed in green,
Wearing specks as I plainly seen;
At once he placed me on my feet,
No part of his body did mine meet;
He did not e'en reach out his hand,
'Twas all done by unheard command.

Without moving his lips he said,
You stand on grave of ancient dead.
This is a mound of prophecy,
The vision true as you shall see.
You've seen the sign of coming peace,
Soon war throughout your state will cease;
And sure as rising of the sun,
Glorious history has begun.
Your state shall for a hundred years
Of Indians or British have no fears.

'Twill be a land of grandest joy,
Send forth many a gifted boy,
To fill the world with glorious fame,
Honor to state from whence he came.
Mother of presidents she will be,
Home of great shops and good schools free.
When all the states answer the call
Ohio 'll be greatest of them all." *

The settlers stood in awe of place,
But happy glow on every face.
Into their hearts stole sweet content,
As if the vision were angel sent.
None had any more to say,
And soon the soldiers went their way.
They in their barracks soundly slept,
As if they felt securely kept.
After the settlers had gone to bed,
"Will the war end this year," one said
Out of darkness when all was still,
Came Betsey's voice, "Pray God it will."

* This story was told at my father's fireside in 1859 by Isaac Brake, whose father had been a captive to the Indians. He also said the Indians found gold on the Clearfork, and he had a paper describing the place—which seems to correspond with a place near Bellville, and gold in very small quantities has since been found there.



TECUMSEH

CANTO V.

BILLY STEVENS,

or

**LIFE ON THE OHIO MOHICANS, 1812.
DURING WAR OF 1812.**

(145)

BILLY STEVENS.

BILLY left a delightful home,
Into an unknown woods to roam,
A northward course he now must take,
To avoid settlers and the lake.
Sickness had robbed his face of tan,
He needs must have it back again,
Often he must the Indian play
Fair skin would soon his race betray.

Far north he pushed beyond the line
Of settlements; mong oak and pine
Where hid the wildest bear and deer,
Tho they were lean this time of year,
He must obtain some good dry meat,
Such as scouts then were forced to eat.
He reached such spot the second day,
There prepared for a lengthy stay.

First he built an elm-bark shack,
And then a kind of drying rack,
That in this far away location,
He could supply himself with ration.
Early next day fine deer he shot,
Slices he cut from choicest spot,
Brought them to camp upon his back,
And cured them on the drying rack.

In April sun exposed to tan,
He soon looked like another man,

Put himself through severe gymnastic,
Rubbed to make his muscles elastic;
Played and tumbled in severe test
Gave his sinews but little rest,
Until he felt again prepared
To grip with any man who dared.

With good supplies thanks to the giver,
He now proceeds toward the river;
On second day he cautious grows,
Lest he should stumble on his foes.
As evening came he heard a click
Like some one stepping on a stick,
Ah, there! he does an Indian see,
Each seek shelter behind a tree.

Each done his best the other to catch,
But each seemed equal on the watch,
Billy with ram-rod showed his hat
But Indian would not shoot at that;
At last Billy got a fair glance
At Indians face by lucky chance,
"Hello! you Jonacake," he cried,
"Hello! Jim," Jonacake replied.

The white and red most gladly greet,
To Billy it was a moment sweet,
He learned where camp of British lay,
And where outlying Indians stay,
Where Harrison had built Fort Meigs,
To withstand the allied siege,
How the English troops soon would move,
The strength of walls of Meigs to prove.

He learned of Raisin's bloody day,
The helpless hundreds, Indians slay.
He told Jonacake about the blow
And all the tale our readers know.
The scouts were in dangerous place,
Jonacake painted Billy's face
Made him look like a Mingo brave,
He felt he said, like feathered knave.

At dark they found the hidden boat,
On the river they boldly float,
Challenged by red coat, they replied
In Indian; into the forest glide.
Into Michigan's woods now they sink,
Where wild cats and owls at them blink,
Often they heard the wild wolf's cry,
Again the bullfrog's long drawn sigh.

At midnight they laid down to sleep,
'Neath oaken trees where wild vines creep.
At early dawn the journey renew
Now a southward course pursue,
Through swamps and quagmires, till at last
With smoke of camp the sky's o'ercast;
In shades of evening they await,
The opening of the picket gate.

They scarce can wait to supper eat,
Then haste to Harrison to repeat,
All the enemy were doing,
And plans they design pursuing;
To strive to wrest the fort away
By bold attack no distant day.

Harrison was very much surprised
To Billy see in mortal guise.

Kindly said: "I need you my man,
For you can run as well as sham,
I want a man in Proctor's quarters,
Obtain correct his marching orders.
Billy learned from Charles Tannehill,
That Freeport settlers, land could till
That Beall and Crook in order,
Kept guard o'er the Richland border.

He learned that Betsey still heart free,
Was pride of settlers; hoped that she
Would yield to him her heart so good
His soul grew happy in this mood.
Billy's love dreamed of no defeat,
The more he dreamed the more complete
Was his absorption, mind and soul,
He was all hers beyond control.

He went to Proctor's camp next day,
At night he near Tecumseh lay,
He grieved that chief by nature great,
With such as Proctor had to mate;
Proctor was skunk; Tecumseh lion
One disgraced his sires, tho a scion
Of English lord; the other moved
Like son of king, 'mong men approved.

An aide of Proctor's looked at scout,
Declared he'd seen him at Raisin route,

But when he took a second look
His first opinion he forsook;
Billy smiled, beneath the skin,
Glad he could pull his wrinkles in.
He passed as Mingo as they judge
And let them use him as a drudge.

He stayed within their camp a week,
Playing the Mingo office meek.
Then to Harrison he returned,
With all the secrets he had learned;
He even gave him in detail,
Numbers, and plans for the assail,
Four hundred regular British troops,
Eighteen hundred vile Indian brutes,
Eight hundreds sons of Canada,
They'd strike the fort 'bout first of May.

SEIGE OF FORT MEIGS.

The fort was soon in preparation,
To receive this aggregation,
Across they made a traverse grand,
A long high heap of clay and sand.
Meigs stood south of the river bank,
Defending it by perfect flank;
The Britons landed on the north,
Rebuilt the old Miami fort.

Then began an artillery duel,
Where bursting shells, hot shot cruel,
Swiftly whizzed with deadly speed,
Intent on war's destructive deed.

Watching this storm of shot and shell,
Our brave men soon learned to tell,
Just where a cannon ball would light
And dodge from its destructive flight.

Five weary days this awful roar,
Was constant on the river shore;
The British even crossed the tide,
Planted two bat'ries on south side;
Our boys dug holes in grand traverse,
In which they'd plunge like coin in purse;
To reappear with mud well splashed,
Only to laugh as cannons crashed.

A scout crept in on fifth of May,
To tell the chief that Gen'ral Clay,
With twelve hundred Kentucky men
Were a few miles away just then.
Men fresh, eager to join the fray,
And help their comrades win the day.
The chief at once his orders sent,
Obeyed would make the foe relent.

Part to march north of river side,
Slyly on the enemy glide,
Capture their bat'ries, guns all spike
And then across the river strike,
Before the foe has time to unite,
His larger force to renew the fight.
The other four hundred of rank,
Straight for fort through enemies' flank
While troops sallying through the gate,
Would help them enter, done all straight.

This done our men all on south side
Could heavy charge of foe abide.

Kentucky's men are always brave,
Place of danger they ever crave.
Led by Dudley their task was done,
Spiking every British gun;
Headlong bravery may lead to wrong,
Unless discretion goes along,
They disobeyed their chieftain's orders
Rushing far beyond the borders
Into an Indian ambush sly,
Refused to hear the warning cry.
To save their lives was Billy sent,
Who begged they'd stop and be content
Forward they pushed with yell and din,
Billy could only follow in.
On every side the Indians rose,
Then their vanquished British foes,
The river and them slipped between,
Thus robbed them of hope's last dream.
Bravely the noble fellows fought,
In their ranks was great havoc wrought,
The gallant Dudley bloodstained fell
Dearly did he his life blood sell.
One hundred and fifty brave men
Out of eight hundred who began
The fight; crossed over to the fort,
Not to obey was losing sport.
Many were killed in fierce melee
Others captured in affray,
Surrendered to the British troop,
Not knowing depths to which they'd stoop.

When Billy saw his errand fail,
To save himself his thoughts assail;
So, as the whites were driven back,
He kept aloof from beaten track,
Seeing a bunch of Indians dead
He fell among them as if sped;
He laid so still in bloody spot,
The excited Indians saw him not.
Soon as they passed he then arose
And dressed himself in Indian clothes;
Daubed himself with Indian paint
Until he looked like savage quaint.
He hastened forward in time to see,
Surrender of last company;
'Twas a sad sight but well he knew,
Nothing to save them could he do.

To the old fort they marched with haste,
There of Indian mercy to taste,
Though to British alone they yield,
Indians claimed prisoners of the field;
Forced them to put off clothes and shoes
Redress with rags, they dare not choose;
Treated with cruelty undeserved,
By allies, who great England served.

One Indian standing on the wall,
Shot down three men, laughed at their fall;
Drawing his tomahawk he slew,
In coldest blood another two.
Poor men they huddled close together,
Packed like sheep in stormy weather;
The gloating reds with whoop and yell,
Acted like demons straight from hell.

One small white man in front rank,
To get back; on his knees he sank,
Crowding between others' legs, with cry,
"Root little hog or else you die."
British soldiers saw this savage zest,
Without a word of raised protest,
Proctor looked on with silent gaze,
Even *his* face showed no amaze.

Tecumseh though a warrior red,
Rode up, angry, at such bloodshed;
"Proctor! can't you stop this blood?"
He answered, "Face flushed in red flood,"
"Your Indians won't obey commands,
When once in blood they bathe their hands."
"Go put on skirts!" Tecumseh cried,
"Your cowardice you cannot hide."

Then turned he where his warriors stood,
Ordered them stop such deeds of blood,
"The first who disobeys command,
Dies at once by my own hand.
My Indians, my Indians!" he wept,
"By deeds like this you down are kept,
Could you lay such cruelty aside,
Soon would you rise with noble pride,
And with the flag of love unfurled,
You'd stand the greatest in the world."

Britain's men watched, standing near,
Indian allies they seem to fear,
Officers that night entered the camps,
But failed to frown upon the scamps

Who were cooking human flesh,
Boasting 'twas plenty and just fresh.

They asked these officers to dine,
'Tis said they all did not decline,
O, England shame! you well deserved,
To be disgraced before the world,
A state with such poltroonic sons
Deserves no place 'mong world's great ones.

Billy mixed with these Indians vile,
Even forcing himself to smile;
But marking with an eye intent,
Those he'd shoot without consent;
Fiercely he vowed he'd vengeance take,
Kill them like wolves on land or lake.
'Twas Billy's failing not to relent,
When once he gave his anger vent.

After the night had grown quite late,
He sauntered out (not through the gate)
Far from batteries, retiring,
Where unspiked guns again were firing;
He found a boat and soon he crossed,
And entered Meigs. No time he lost
Before five days he'd coolly killed
The butchers who had white blood spilled,
The chieftain said it made him sick
To think he'd vengeance take so quick.

Tired of the siege, some Indians left,
Proctor of help would be bereft,
But great Tecumseh held his own,
After the other tribes had flown.

Hopeless at last they all retire,
Out of range of galling fire;
Going south as if to invade,
Ohio lands with savage raid.

Harrison knew it was to deceive,
Far from the lake they dare not leave.
This highway must their food supply,
Back in the woods their troops would die.
They laid siege to Croghan's fort,*
Their awkward move was source of sport,
Croghan, a boy, soon drove them back,
Over their own well beaten track.

Harrison visits other posts,
To give courage where needed most,
Command was left to Gen'ral Clay
Who drove a second siege away.
Then back to Malden Proctor hied
Waiting to see a lake fight tried.
Billy scouted night and day
Bringing news to General Clay.

PERRY'S VICTORY.

Long had our country been distressed,
To feed our troops in wilderness;
England was master of the lake
From her this highway we must take.
Young Perry was made a commodore
To drive the English from our shore;
At Erie he built nine stout boats
To face the foe he boldly floats.

* Croghan was in command at Fremont.

'Twas on a still September day,
These vessels lay in Put-in-bay.
Erie like a monster asleep,
Not a wavelet on the deep.
At last the English hove in sight
Slowly, but ready for the fight.
Our men all eager for the fray,
Impatient with the wind's delay.

Each crew anxious for the chance,
To be the first to make advance;
Toward the west they slowly crept,
Sails loosely hang by wind unswept.
Flagship Lawrence, Perry's boat ahead
Proud that he her deck did tread,
He impatient keeps her in trim
Ready for the battle grim.

At last the Lawrence slowly ran,
Near Briton's ships and fight began,
Their ship Detroit opened the game,
Her shot fell far short of her aim.
The Lawrence answered with a shot
That did not reach intended spot.
The Detroit's guns had longer range,
They hit us first, is nothing strange.

Young Yarnell held the ship's command,
Brave as ere fought on sea or land.
Crash came a shell among our men,
Brave Yarnell fell but rose again.
Soon every ship of British fleet,
Fired on Lawrence with aim complete;

Dauntless Perry stood with his crew.
Mid falling masts and splinters too.

Dead and wounded strew the deck
Yarnell hit twice still does not reck.
Stands by his guns waiting the time,
For closer range and moment prime.
At last his vessel drifted near,
His tattered men gave hearty cheer.
With seven guns still fit for action
They fight the whole British faction.

Every shot struck masts or rigs
Sorely damaged the English brigs.
But still alone the Lawrence fought
Firing until her guns were hot ;
Steering gear useless, shot away
Drifting at random, three guns play,
Thirty-two English guns fired fast,
Still men resolved to fight to last,
Dead and wounded on deck scattered,
Hull riddled, her rigging shattered.

After two hours of uneven game,
(The other ships so slowly came ;)
Perry desperate, conceived the thought,
Of leaving deck where men still fought,
Transfer his flag to Niagara's mast,
Bring other ships to share the blast.
Promptly he takes an open boat,
Fearless to Niagara float.
Soon from that vessel's mizzen flew,
"Don't give up the ship" in field of blue.

Soon as seen by watching fleet
A roar of cheers the motto greet.
Then a favoring breeze arose,
The ships all dash toward their foes.

The new flag ship into action swung,
Sending her shells the foe among.
The battle rages fierce and hot,
Destruction follows every shot;
"Don't give up the ship," rang loud,
Our boats to closer conflict crowd.
The Lawrence though like a charnel
Left in command of noble Yarnell,
Still continued to do her part,
The commander cheering every heart.
At last a breeze blows smoke away,
Lo! British ships now helpless lay,
From deck of one, white flag flying,
Every crew for quarter crying.
Quickly Perry the order gave,
"Fire no more on helpless brave."
His laconic message pleased the powers,
"We met the foe and they are ours."

Perry again his flag transfers,
Back to the Lawrence, where occurs
Details of surrender; he receives,
Mid bleeding comrades; none who grieves,
O'er blood spilt in nation's defense
They know the glory gained 's immense,
They've won the most important fight,
In world's record of honest right.

Perry pauses to bury the dead,
Smoothing for them a silent bed,
'Neath a lone pine where they slept,
While a century o'er them crept.
At last a grateful nation raise,
A granite shaft to speak their praise.
Ah! no grander deed hath been done,
Beneath the civilizing sun.

The smoke from lake is scarce away,
E'er Harrison's troops are in array,
Perry's fleet the summons obey,
Over the lake the troops convey.
Billy has kept them well informed,
Of every move the foe performed.
To Malden Proctor made retreat,
And burned the remnant of their fleet.

DEFEAT OF PROCTOR.

The coward Proctor tried to hide,
In strong post near the Thames' side.
Harrison bravely pushes on,
To finish work so well begun,
Having correct information,
Of where each band has taken station,
Proctor on left in open order,
Tecumseh near in forest's border.

Coward Proctor soon runs away,
And leaves his men to face the fray.
Johnson leader of Kentucky's troops,
Down upon them swiftly swoops,

Their ranks soon break, they leave the field,
As prisoners many of them yield;
With all their British allies flown,
Now the Indians are left alone.

Tecumseh sees the Britons fly,
Yet, plants his men in woods nearby,
High over all his voice is heard,
Till every Indian soul is stirred;
"Fight noble warriors, stand to last,
Remember your foes and all your past,
Drive back the whites save the Ohi,
Stand firm, conquer, or let us die."

Great Indian! there he firmly stood,
Like warrior true of princely blood,
Mid battle's din his voice still heard,
Not a warrior backed, or demurred.
Now they are charged by Johnson's band,
They stand and fight, yea hand to hand;
That splendid voice high rising still,
Both friend and foe to brave deeds thrill.

Johnson bleeding from wound on wound,
Still presses the charge, round on round,
At last he nears the mighty chief,
'Fore whom he stops a moment brief;
From fatal aim the chieftain falls,
No more resound his cheering calls.
At same moment brave Johnson fell
Twenty-five wounds the reason tell.

With Billy's help he's on his feet,
Orders that vic'try be made complete;

The Indians are leaving the field,
Knowing full well their fate is sealed.
Americans raise victorious yell,
Through woods and fields its echoes swell.
Poor Indian bosoms, how they heave!
For fall of chief they sadly grieve.

Well for the whites when years before,
They came to the American shore,
They did not such as Tecumseh meet,
Their coming might have met defeat.
Harrison gave but brief pursuit,
Britons are far on eastern route;
The calls of Indian runners increase,
Saying they'll make separate peace.

Billy knowing the Larnes live near,
Asks an absence his debt to clear.
With kindness true again they meet him
With hearty welcome they greet him.
The evening quickly passes by,
On pleasure's wings the glad hours fly.
They insist they'll not take pay,
Billy persists in his own way.

Hard they coax him not to leave them,
Stay in their home, they'll receive him.
Their kindness Billy's thanks receive,
But in the morning he must leave.
With heavy heart he says good-bye,
The mother hides her face to cry.
Hetty walks with him down the road,
Her face so drawn that grief it showed.

At last she turns to say good-bye,
With effort great suppressed a cry;
Of feelings Billy kept control
But within him was surge of soul.
He tried to calmly say farewell
His heart's emotions none can tell.
He swiftly walked a mile or more,
Owned to himself his heart was sore.

Finding a log the road nearby,
He sat him down alone to cry.
His body shook, he knew not why,
Nor why he heaved sigh after sigh.
O, man, dear man! Why not confess,
Kindred spirit has moved thy breast?
There is an unseen chord of love,
Compels unwilling souls to move.

O, stubborn will that stands to fight,
'Gainst your convictions of the right.
Why refuse your real heart cry,
Just for notion let true love die.
Give up! and again to Larnes return,
Make known the thoughts that in you burn;
Conquer a weak infatuate notion,
Give right of way to pure emotion.

Mind on Betsey he choked his sighs,
For her young face his hopes arise.
Reader in Billy behold a man
In morals true, of noble plan,
But once his mind has taken stay
Naught but fate will turn him away.

By wills like his dear souls are lost,
They'll not give up though great the cost;
With stubborn mind pursue their way,
Reckless of the great judgment day.

He now returns to Harrison's camp,
Only requires a brief day's tramp.
He met Indians who all would call,
"Me white man's friend no fight at all."
Rushing up extend friendly hand,
Willing to move from white man's land.
Reaching camp, learned the western tribes,
Had sued for peace; and rest, besides.

I need not pause to here tell more,
Details of this last English war.
This ended fighting in the west,
Ohio and Michigan could rest.
Need no longer fear invasion
Free to follow peace persuasion.
The soldiers' time would soon expire,
To farm life now they could retire.



OHIO STATE CAPITOL

CANTO VI.

BILLY STEVENS,

or

LIFE ON THE OHIO MOHICANS, 1812.

(167)

BILLY STEVENS.

INTRODUCTION.

OUR Fathers entered an unbroken forest and
drove out ravenous beast, wild game and
wilder men. — *Doddridge*.

What came out of the woods? Fierce wolves you
say,

Wild cats and panthers seeking for prey,
Round and around dark nights to prowl,
Filling the dark with their dismal howl:
Was that all that came out of the woods? you say,
I make answer, nay, nay.

What came out of the woods? Deers you reply,
Coons, bears and squirrels, with eyes so shy;
Affording meat fit for king's table,
In reach of all the poor and able;
Was that all that came out of the woods? you say,
I make answer, nay, nay.

What came out of the woods? Wild men you shout,
Who put quiet homes and peace to rout,
Slaying wives and children; and with fire
Destroying cabins with savage ire:
Was that all that came out of the woods? you say,
I make answer, nay, nay.

What came out of the woods? Again you ask,
Grand men went in assuming a task,
With axes and oxen; brave hearts glad;
Cleared farms came forth, cottages vine clad:
Did these come out of the woods? you say,
I make answer, yea, yea.

What came out of the woods? Once more you'd
know,
Ah! see the towns and large cities grow,
Hear the ring of factories and shop,
Watch the products that from deft hands drop:
Did these come out of the woods? you say,
I make answer, yea, yea.

What came out of the woods? Surely you know,
How schools and churches were made to grow,
List! hear the songs of million voices,
With paeans of praise our land rejoices:
Did these come out of the woods? you say,
I make answer, yea, yea.

What came out of the woods? Ever you say,
For homes, shops, schools and church did it pay,
To cut our wealth of forest away,
That immortal souls might have full sway?
Did these come out of the woods? you say,
I make answer, yea, yea.

JUBILATION.

When news of victory reached Freeport,
The settlers gathered at the fort,
Rejoicing in Perry's great deed,
To control of lake they knew 'twould lead.

Proctor would be driven from the west,
From Indian warfare we then would rest.
Tom Coulter was asked to take the chair,
In a bit of business all would share.
Moved, that we change the name of our town,
To honor a man of world renown,
The new name shall be *Perryville*;
Motion, carried with a will.
They laid out lots and talked away
Of city great 'twould be some day.
When soldiers were sent back east,
They'd have a jubilee and feast.

* * *

At last the day came bright and clear,
And all the settlers far and near;
Such a crowd! for the woods at least
All contributing to the feast;
Hundreds, each bringing cake and pie,
Coffee too from army supply,
Meat from deer and bear, fruit of bees,
And apples from John Chapman's trees;
Even in backwoods our womankind,
Surprised by the things they'll find
To satisfy the appetite,
The center of a man's delight.
Long puncheon tables 'neath leafy bowers
Brilliant bouquets of wild flowers.
These emblems of Ohio's glory,
Help adorn table, and our story.
Who compose this goodly crowd,
Of which Mohicans can be proud;

Coulters, Tannehills, and Brices,
Crawfords, Conines, Hills and Rices;
Baughmans, Priests, Lambrights and Kinneys,
Coppys, Fryes, Collyers and Finneys;
Ollivers, Davis, Bryans, Corrells,
Drakes, Finleys, Pierce, Carrs, Odells;
Eckleys, Noggles, Warners, Lewis,
Trickles, Palmers, Williams, Wallace,
Shambaughs, Darlings, Achisons, well
Too many names for me to tell;
Folks from all settlements and ranches,
Up and down Mohicans branches.
Here are the faithful soldiers nine,
And some from other fighting line;
Came to rejoice with hearts of hope
At clearing off of battle smoke.
Yea strange, but true, Indians are here,
Craving a share of settlers' cheer.
Tom Lyon, Dowdee and Jelloway,
Welcome to come in peaceful way;
Jonacake mingles with the crowd,
Sally beside him, ah, he's proud,
They've been to Kinney's now a squire,
Were married as white laws require;
He smiles at every settlers' touch,
Says, "I love Sally velly much."

Not least among the merry throng,
To whom much gratitude belong,
Is Billy Stevens, known as Strange
He cares not now his name to change,
He greets Jonacake as a brother,
Kindred spirits except color.

Dowdee, Lyon closely eye him,
For some reason come not nigh him;
Guilty souls are never at ease,
Prodding conscience like roaring seas
Ever cast up a restless mire
Like an unquenched nagging fire.
With glad hearts the soldiers meet him
With glowing smiles the settlers greet him;
Betsey's welcome was most sincere,
Best knowing why they owed him cheer.
Billy at heart felt strangely shy,
For which he knew no reason why,
Unless, he now was face to face,
With nervous hour, the time and place
When he his love would soon declare,
And ask this girl his fate to share.

The day is fair; lest cold betide,
Great log heaps burn on every side.
At noon they stand at tables long,
Eating with craving, woods make strong.
After each one has had enough,
Tables cleared of remnant stuff;
They gather round a puncheon stand,
At Thomas Coulter's loud command
To hold a feast of backwoods' song
With speeches that must not be long.
First, Harvey Hill with voice of glee,
Leads, "My Country 'Tis of Thee,"
Then heads are bowed in solemn care
While David Drake leads them in prayer;
Now they call on blockhouse choir,
For new war song which all admire.

"Hold high our flag with its colors gay,
Loud, loud the big drums are beating,
The Americans have gained the day,
And the British are retreating.

CHORUS:

We are marching down to old Quebec,
While the drums are loudly beating,
The Americans have gained the day,
And the British are retreating.

Old Proctor thought he'd take Fort Meigs,
With shot and shell he thundered,
But mighty soon he pulled his pegs,
Leaving heaps of dead unnumbered.

He next tried lower Sandusky fort
Where Croghan brave commanded
To blow him out was easy sport,
Great haste his men demanded.

On river Thames he took his stand,
With many a boast and bluster,
The Indians fought but Proctor run,
Got away with haste and fluster.

O, Harrison is just the man,
To chase this British rooster,
To Quebec with his motley clan
And every English booster.

"When war is over we'll go back,
To place from whence we started,
We'll ope the ring and sand the track,
To relieve the broken hearted."

Lieutenant Wintringer made a speech,
Pure patriotism did he teach;
He said that soon the war would end,
England had no more troops to send.
He thought they'd chosen fine name,
For the new town; because the fame,
Of Perry they'd forever share,
In minds of men who would dwell there.
But to his mind came just one thought,
They might be in misfortune caught,
Because thirteen was in year's date,
Which meant bad luck in book of fate.
A hundred years might o'er them pass,
Before they'd enter fortune's class,
And reach prosperity's blessed height,
To gain wealth; every town's delight.
Again the blockhouse choir will sing,
Their voices grand make old woods ring.

"O, we Americans with hearts so true,
To care for ourselves is no task,
We'll always be safe if we never do,
The things that old England asks.

"She thought to force us to pay her large debt,
The debt of her long war with France,
But our fathers said old lady not yet,
We have no use for your stamps.

"Then she'd make us pay when we drank our
tea,

She would shave us like a barber
But our fathers said our drinks are free,
And we threw her tea in the harbor.

"Now she wishes our good rulers to boss,
Make us help her on land and sea,
We find we're safest when we toss,
Her advice out over the lea.

"We threshed her once, we can do it again,
Her minions are running now,
We'll chase her off then our valiant men,
Will come home to follow the plow."

Next was a speech by David Drake,
On religion and schools; they'd make,
Our country prosperous and great,
Give stability to the state,
And fill the world with our renown,
Bring happiness to every town.
Then came a shout that teamster sing
He sprang on platform, with a fling,
Of his arms to the right and left,
Stamping his feet with sturdy heft.
The boys and girls grasped hand in hand,
And swung their bodies at command,
Even the old folks swung to and fro,
And loudly sang of Ohio.

The Ohio, the Ohio,
We'll settle on the banks of the Ohio.

Where the boys will reap and mow,
And the girls will knit and sow,
And we'll settle on the banks of the Ohio;
The Ohio, the Ohio,
And we'll settle on the banks of the Ohio.

There the cows their milk bestow,
And the trees with honey flow,
And we'll settle on the banks of the Ohio.
The Ohio, the Ohio,
And we'll settle on the banks of the Ohio.

Where hens from eggs will grow,
And the roosters loudly crow,
And we'll settle on the banks of the Ohio;
The Ohio, the Ohio,
And we'll settle on the banks of the Ohio.

Where if we should hungry grow,
The boys will kill a doe,
And we'll settle on the banks of the Ohio;
The Ohio, the Ohio,
And we'll settle on the banks of the Ohio.

The boys the flax will grow
And the girls will spin the tow
And we'll settle on the banks of the Ohio;
The Ohio, the Ohio,
And we'll settle on the banks of the Ohio;

Just how long they'd prolonged this song,
With swing of heads and voices strong,

Perhaps till they would have to gasp,
For breath they now could scarcely grasp;
Teamster could verses improvise,
From early morn till next sunrise.
But some one yelled, loud voice and clear,
Three cheers for Harrison; they cheer;
Three cheers for Jimmie, another cried,
With lusty voices all replied:
For Perryville; once more they cheer:
Then homeward scatter, night is near,
They seemed to vanish in the wood,
All in happy cheerful mood.

BILLY YIELDS TO THE INEVITABLE.

When homeward the crowd began to tread,
Billy to Betsey kindly said,
"Before I leave with you I'd talk,
To yonder seat let's take a walk."
Betsey recalled his valued views,
Expected to hear some other news;
Out to a friendly fallen tree,
They took their way alone to be.

Seated, Billy began to say
"I've long looked forward to this day,
Over a year ago we met,
When first war gloom our land beset;
To you I confided as a friend
Secrets on which my life depend,
None other knows my proper name,
Nor all my part in this war's game.
I saw your men right from the start
Trusted the Indians with all their heart,

With Indian arts they seemed hoodooed,
Who only counterfeited good.
Had it not been for you and me
There'd been a general massacre.
From your face I could early read,
That you were born to others lead;
It was to you I furnished plans,
That saved your lives and these rich lands.
Betsey there's more I wish to say,
Before I part from you this day,
Your gentle goodness draws my heart
I wish that we might never part.

Betsey, not sure she understood
The full meaning of words so good,
Thought a moment and then replied:
That you've wrought good can't be denied,
You cannot mean that here you'd stay,
And risk arrest most any day;
For you have said you hide your name,
Because condemned, though not to blame.

Ah! Betsey you fail to understand,
The love I give you; I'd have your hand.
I pledge you love forever true,
And your support life's journey through.
Do you not see I want your heart?
Mine you've had right from the start."
"Why Billy think, how can that be,
In ages there's such disparity?

"Think of my love, all is yours,
All that from brain or heart outpours;

My hand is strong, I'll protect you,
A lovely home I'll erect you."
"But Billy have you thought it o'er?
Marriage means joined forevermore;
I'm but a girl too young to be
To you congenial company."

"Love dear Betsey, love is the seal,
That brings to souls congenial weal,
Of happy life, love is the key
'Twould lock for aye your soul with me;
I'd be your protector brave,
You'd never worry nor be a slave;
Lover, servant, to you I'd be
And you'd be life and joy to me."

"Billy, I'm sorry your heart to wound,
But a heart within my heart I've found;
Somethings are fine to outward glance,
That inner peace cannot enhance;
I fear I'd wake in hours of night,
My bosom shuddering with fright,
Thinking that lying by my side,
Was one whose hands were deeply dyed
With dark hues of human gore,
Blood drawn in calm hate, not in war.
Beside, multiply my age by three,
The product's yours; too old for me,
When I should reach life's mature prime,
The death bells o'er your grave would chime,
My strength of years I'd pass alone
Sadly sighing for one that's gone;

A lonely life 'twould be for me
From daily grief I'd ne'er be free.
I hope dear sir you now can see,
I cannot your affianced be."

Billy hung his head in silent thought,
'Twas plain his heart with grief was wrought,
A tear drop showed beneath his eye,
His manly soul suppressed a sigh.
"Betsey, dear girl," at last he said,
"I see my heart was wrongly led;
For with a sort of childish glee,
I've dreamed of things that should not be,
'Twas wrong, all wrong I plainly see
To ask thy love be plight to me."

"But as to Indians I have slain
The cause thereof I must explain;
Peaceable reds I did not kill
Only those of murderous will;
Had I not slew them their hands dread
Some white man's blood would soon have shed;
Vicious men who hate the peace
Bring on sad war, and deaths increase,
Would that our race would catch this clew,
Horrid war, is brought on by few.
I help keep peace when I slay,
And take war makers life away.
Before God I'll stand on judgment day,
Well done, to me I think he'll say."

"Yes, yes, I'm far too old, I see,
Old enough to your father be.

But tell me as you would a brother,
Is not your love given another?
Truly girl I think you've shown
Loves glance toward John Coulter thrown;
Is your dear heart to him engaged,
Is he to you a suitor waged?"

'Twas Betsey's turn her face to shy,
Ere to these words she made reply:
"Billy, in sight of heaven, above,
I pledge to you a daughter's love;
You've treated us with father care
Each settler doth my feelings share.
Yes, I've thought of John oft and well,
Much more than now I care to tell;
To me no word of love he's spoken,
Of affection he gives no token,
Since he makes no approach to me
Before the world my heart is free.
Billy, of Hetty Larne you've told,
She seems a girl with heart of gold,
I beg you now go back to her,
Let righteous thoughts your motives stir,
Go offer her your heart and hand,
She's worthy to your love command.
Go I beseech you as a daughter,
Make amends for grief you brought her;
Her love is constant do not fear,
She'll bring you blessings and good cheer."

"I dare not promise," Billy replied,
"Your words are true and well applied;

I'm so perverse, I must confess,
I now can't yield to make redress.
But I will think upon her still,
And try to break my stubborn will.
Meantime, I'll go back to mother,
And treat her as a son and lover.
Tomorrow I will leave this place,
Never again you'll see my face."

"We part in friendship shall we not?
In memory's urn you'll keep this spot.
And in my mind I'll hold you true,
Gratefully I'll think oft' of you,
As one whose wisdom saved our lives,
We're bound to you by tender ties."

"Yes friendship that's the blessed word,
By it mem'ry will oft' be stirred;
Farewell dear girl, as parting nears,
I will not try to hide my tears;
Since yours I see streaming down,
More precious to me than glory's crown,
They speak a language sweeter far,
Than praise of men, renown of war;
Thy tears I'll hide in memory's urn,
No matter where my footsteps turn.
'Farewell dear girl,' their hands they clasp,
Eternal friendship was in that grasp.
He turned and westward set his face,
Walking away with rapid pace.
Long years they gleamed like shining pearl,
Billy's last words, 'farewell dear girl.'"

Billy kept on his westward way,
To where John Chapman's orchard lay;
Here all alone he spent the night,
Not rising till the morning light.
John was not there perhaps away,
To where some other orchard lay;
Billy assuming his hunter's load,
Again resumed the eastward road.
Nearing the blockhouse there he met,
John Coulter mending fishing net;
Grasping him by the hand he said,
"You're lucky man as ere was bred.
John said: "I know not what you mean,
I know not where good luck comes in;"
Billy answered, with kindly smile,
"Do you not know that for long while,
An angel's love to you've been given?
Love as pure as grace of heaven;
Love above all earthly price,
Is given you by Betsey Rice?"

"Ah! Jimmie said John, that can't be,
I've watched your eyes each time you'd see
Her form go by, I know you love her,
I, rob you! no, no, dear brother."

"John, it matters not what I've thought,
A true girl's love cannot be bought,
Nor should be lavished on one so old,
That in her prime he would lie cold,
In death's silent solemn embrace,
Leave here a lonely widow's place.

By all that's true she belongs to you,
To be your joy life's journey through.
I'm going now to ne'er come back,
To mother's home I take the track."

John said no more upon this theme,
But his eye spoke a gladsome gleam.
"Jimmie won't you for dinner stay?"
"Nay, I must hasten on my way."
"Where are the soldiers?" Billy inquired:
"Started for home when crowd retired;"
"All but teamster who would insist,
That he'd go back and re-enlist"
He said: "Fellers in Canton town,
With narrer minds would turn him down,
He could not make them understand,
Why team and whiskey were not on hand;
That what has happend, had to be
He simply had to have a spree,
Accordin' to divine decree."
('Tis said he fell with whoop and hurrah,
in battle near old Chippewa.)

Billy took up his onward tread,
Toward Virginia home he sped.
Alas for hope! how oft' her dream,
Is shattered by fate unforeseen;
For she, who gave him mother care,
Lived no longer his home to share,
She'd gone where sorrows cannot come,
Leaving him word to follow on.
He sat by the dear old fire place,
Trying his future course to trace;

His sister said: "Make home with me,"
He thought that that would have to be;
But in his soul was aching void,
No matter how the time employed.
He hunted turkeys, coons and bears,
Slowly away the winter wears.

At last one night when all was still,
He waked his soul and found his will
Against his peace of mind was set,
There might be pleasure for him yet.
Why not like prodigal arise,
Seek comfort 'neath the northern skies;
At Hetty's feet his heart he'd lay.
Say, "I'm not worthy there to stay,"
But still his cause he'd strongly plead,
Her love would fill his every need.
A letter from the governor came,
Directed to his proper name,
For loyalty and good intent,
Full pardon was now to him sent.
And for the dangers he'd passed through
Much extra pay was now his due.

He told his sister this good news,
Gave the money to her to use;
With money he was well supplied,
Plenty to satisfy his pride.
He also told of Hetty's love,
How her kindness this had proved;
How she'd watched him when wounded sore,
And nursed him back to health once more.

"Brother you're welcome here to stay,
Not spouse nor child wish you away;
But you're foolish to waste your life
Lonely, when offered such a wife."

Spring comes, once more northward he tramps,
O'er hills and vales through swamps and damps;
The grand old woods he loves so well,
Hetty and home his bosom swell.
Through Perryville he will not go,
He'd pass Columbus, see it grow;
North he turns, passes Erie's lakes,
Then east a well-known road he takes.

* * *

Just when evening shades were falling,
When happy birds their mates were calling;
When his soul with hope is bounding
Sweet as angel songs resounding;
He gently raps on dwelling door,
Hoping that Hetty's smile's in store.
'Twas ope'd by mother whose face wore,
Sad look of sorrow pained and sore;
She fell on Billy's neck with tears,
Which filled him with foreboding fears.
"O, mother, tell me what this means,
Is it the crushing of my dreams;
My heart sinks lest a message dread,
O, spare me, tell me not, she's dead."
At last the mother breathes the tale
Of what has caused her heart to wail;
With grief she seems almost gone wild;
Hetty was dead, her only child.

Between her sobs the tale was told,
Of how the girl had caught a cold,
Which to her lungs had swiftly gone,
Fatal lung fever followed on.
During delirium she would talk,
Of that parting morning walk,
Then at other times she raved,
About that time your head she bathed,
She tore you from the arms of death,
And brought you back to life and health.
It was sad from the girl to part,
It looked like death of broken heart.

Poor Billy with grief he shivers,
He cannot hide his whole frame from quivers.
The father came the night was spent,
Talking of Hetty, how she went,
Triumphant to her Savior's arms,
From life here filled with grace and charms.
Once more they offered him a home,
From which he'd never need to roam.
"In mem'ry of Hetty please stay,
You'll help keep painful grief away."

Billy said with a heavy heart,
It could not be they'd have to part.
Owned that he'd had a foolish whim,
For a girl much too young for him.
I've marred my whole life's beauty,
By stubborn will instead of duty
I answered not a call of soul,
Put myself out of heart control,
Only to learn as I have today,

That grief will follow when we stray.
He really wished that he might die,
Forever here with Hetty lie.
Again he said good-bye, at last
Leaves sweetest hopes all in the past.
Back to Ohio he turned his steps,
To where the Killbuck slowly crept.
And near this place spent his last days
Toiling in many useful ways.

Ever as good man was he known
With will that never left the throne;
Faithful as member of the church,
Diligent to the Scriptures search.
He often called himself a fool,
To allow unbending will to rule.
Sometimes when he was with old friends,
He'd speak of God on whom all depends.
They'd ask him about Indian killing,
And if he thought God was willing.
He resisted with language strong,
Would never own that it was wrong;
But would argue all the more,
Were bad men killed there'd be no war.
Sometimes when hunting with the boys,
They'd hear the squirrels making a noise
As if calling from tree to tree,
Squeaking, kieu-chee, kieu-chee, kieu-chee;
The boys would look, no squirrels could find,
Billy would laugh and say, "you're blind."
He married not but gave quite free,
Much time to deeds of charity.

Lonely enough, his life was passed,
Waiting the change that came at last.

* * *

HAPPY JOHN.

We left John Coulter repairing net,
With glowing smiles his face was set,
His soul was filled with visions grand,
Dreaming of joys so near at hand.
Some things there are we wish to know,
For days and nights we've hoped they're so,
But when the happy news received,
It seems too good to be believed.
So long his hope had John hid,
He scarcely now knew what he did;
With absent mind he spoiled the job,
By taking off each bottom bob;
Pinching himself for work so slack,
Used all his twine to put them back.

A problem's always easy solved,
Once the answer has been evolved;
He knew nothing was left to do,
But ope' his heart to Betsey true.
Tell how from the first he'd loved her,
But thought Billy most deserved her;
He racked his brain to find excuse,
For quitting work let things go loose.
Just then long came Charles Tannehill
Who joined in fishing with a will.
But all day long John's actions showed,
Mind and body on separate road.

Carrying the net he stepped in hole,
On creek bottom he flat did roll;
He thought he saw a sweet mermaid,
(Looked like Betsey to himself he said,)
He tore the net and had no twine,
Repairs were left for 'nother time.
Then they fished with hook and line,
Charles caught bass most of them fine.
John caught nothing but lost his hook,
Then a dog fish his best bait took;
With slice of meat he tried to troll,
He could not fish to save his soul.
On way home he fell over a log,
Sprang to his feet and kicked his dog.
Thus in absent minded way,
He worried through the livelong day.

Charles said: "Tonight we're going to sing
At our house; you had better bring,
The Rices across the creek;"
At last, of luck that was a streak;
Yes, then he'd walk with Betsey, and say,
What in his heart he'd kept all day.
But Betsey walked with Abigail,
Left John to walk with Harvey Hill.
John did not wish them any harm,
But in his heart he said, "a darn."

Well the singing went off all right,
No one watched John to catch his sight
Fixed on Betsey 'bout all the night;
He'd lose his place his voice would wabble,
But he got through without much trouble;

Singing over, Ah! here's the charm,
John got near Betsey proffered his arm.
Oh! ye heavens; what a sweet thrill,
Her arm in his like a true I will,
He felt as if walking the air,
He scarcely knew who else was there.
Alexander Rice rowed them across,
The river seemed a ribbon of gloss.

Alone with Betsey to the house, —
Here falls the curtain — I'm no mouse,
Suffice to say ere first of May,
They had passed their wedding day.

* * *

Betsey and John lived useful life,
Doing their share of early strife,
That made Ohio a mighty state,
Of culture broad and good men great.
Billy was right when he did see,
She was born to a leader be.